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THE NEW-BORN. — AFTER BOUGUEREAU.

THE ADIRONDACKS.

IN the northern portion of the State of New York lies a wild and romantic mountain region popularly known as "The Adirondacks," taking its name from the Adirondack Mountains, which run through it, or rather which form the backbone, so to speak, of the tract which is itself a table-land considerably elevated above the sea. This tract of land is bounded on the east by lakes George and Champlain, and on the north and west by Canada and the St. Lawrence River. The elevated plateau from which the mountain peaks spring, is about a hundred and fifty miles from north to south, by about a hundred miles from east to west, and has an average elevation of about two thousand feet above the sea level. It forms the greater portion of the counties of Clinton, Essex, Franklin, Hamilton, with a portion of St. Lawrence. The Adirondack Mountains are an outlying portion—like the Green Mountains, the White Mountains and the Catskills—of the great Appalachian chain which extends from Canada through the Middle and Southern States to the northern part of Alabama, a distance of nearly thirteen hundred miles. The Alleghanies form the most important part of the chain, the name Appalachian having been given by De Soto to the southern end, from an Indian word, while the name of Alleghany was given by the northern settlers from another Indian word said to mean "endless." The Adirondacks proper present a number of peaks of varying height, the highest being Mount Marcy, which is nearly five thousand five hundred feet high; and is, except Mount Washington, in New Hampshire, the highest peak of any in the northern spurs of the Appalachian chain. Other high peaks of the Adirondacks are mounts St. Anthony, McMartin, Seward, Emmons and McIntyre, of which the three first are about five thousand feet high, and the two last about four thousand.

Geologically these mountains are composed not of stratified but of granite rock, and from this circumstance lose the precision of outline which characterizes the mountains of the same chain in the Middle and Southern States, and take on more conical forms with more abrupt slopes, thus giving greater variety and more grandeur and wildness to the scenery. The valleys, taking of course their forms from the mountain ranges bounding them, are wild and rugged, and to the traveler through them seem to be crooked and confused to an inexplicable degree. In point of fact, however, they follow a pretty clearly defined system throughout the whole range—and substantially the same system as the valleys in other portions of the Appalachian chain. The drainage of the plateau is in three general directions: toward Lake Champlain on the east, and northeast through the Saranac and the Au Sable; southerly through the Boreas and Cedar rivers, which unite with the Hudson to form the magnificent water way of which we are so justly proud; and to the northwest through the Racket and St. Regis rivers, which empty into the St. Lawrence. The sources of all these streams, however, are so near together, and most of them are so connected with each other by the lakes in which they for the most part originate, that canoes may, and do, pass through almost the entire region, which is covered with lakes, large and small, to an extent scarcely to be comprehended even by those tolerably familiar with the "Great North Woods."

On this point, Rev. Mr. Murray, who is known as an enthusiastic lover of this particular wilderness, if not altogether accurate in all his statements, says: "For hundreds of miles I have boated up and down that wilderness, going ashore only to 'carry' around a fall, or across some narrow ridge dividing the otherwise connected lakes. For weeks I have paddled my cedar shell in all directions, swinging northerly into the St. Regis chain, westward nearly to Potsdam, southerly to the Black River country, and from thence penetrated to that almost unvisited region, the 'South Branch,' without seeing a face but my guide's; and the entire circuit, it must be remembered, was through a wilderness yet to echo to the lumberman's axe. It is estimated that a thousand lakes, many yet unvisited, lie embedded in this vast forest of pine and hemlock. From the summit of a mountain two years ago, I counted, as seen by my naked eye, forty-four lakes gleaming amid the depths of the wilderness, like gems of purest ray amid the folds of emerald-colored velvet."

It was this ease of water communication throughout the tract that made it as much of a resort to the Indian as it has since been to the white hunters. From the wild and rugged nature of

the ground, thickly covered as it was by forests of birch, beech, maple and ash—besides the hemlock, spruce, fir and white pine, higher up; and cedar, hemlock and hackmatack, in the swampy lowlands—this would naturally have been looked upon as the most secure possible of coverts for game of all kinds. The easy penetrability secured by the lakes and rivers, however, diminished its security as a refuge, and neither large nor small game found there the safety they so much covet; and so the deer, the moose, the caribou and the bear, the otter and the beaver were hunted down with comparative ease; while the fish, the salmon-trout, the trout and the pike, with which the lakes and streams abounded, were easily lured from their haunts. Nor were there lacking in these wilds other animals than those we have named, not so useful to man, but even more attractive to the adventurous hunter; for here were found the panther and the scarcely less fierce though more cowardly wolf. It is not strange that the Indian made this region the magazine, so to speak, from which he drew his supplies of meat, of fish, and of furs; and it was, also, the scene of some of the hunting exploits which he most delighted to narrate around the council fire. The white trappers and hunters naturally followed in his footsteps, and for many years found there the same opportunities and improved them in the same way that he had done. Nor has this traditional use of the tract yet been entirely done away with, although the Indian has been driven out and some of the game has followed him. The caribou has utterly disappeared, and the moose, we believe, may be considered practically extinct in that wilderness; while deer, although still found in considerable herds, are yearly decreasing in number. As for the bears, they are rarely seen, and whatever may have been the character of those members of the ursine race which roamed these forests in aboriginal days, the black bear—the only species now found there—of to-day is nearly as tame as those specimens of his race to be seen in the streets of our cities. The panther—as the wild-cat found there is erroneously called—is now seldom seen; while the true panther, a most dangerous animal, has become extinct; and the wolves, much diminished in number, no longer venture to attack travelers, nor do they ever approach the haunts of civilization, unless driven by hunger in some unusually severe winter. As for the fish, it can hardly be demonstrated that there is any marked diminution in their numbers; for the lakes, ponds and streams are still well stocked, nor does the fishing to which they are subjected each year by sportsmen and tourists, seem to very much decrease the numbers of the finny tribes which they contain.

No wonder, when one considers the manifold attractions of pure air, pure water, manly out-of-door exercise, exhilarating sport and magnificent scenery, which this region affords to those who frequent it—no wonder, we say, that men should come to love it, and should haunt it summer after summer, without a desire to visit any other locality, with a firm conviction that this is the very spot of earth which gave to the Indian his idea of the "happy hunting grounds" to which the Great Spirit was to welcome him after death! There has, probably, been no time since white men settled the State of New York that this tract has not been resorted to by hunters; but within the past few years not only sportsmen but mere idle tourists and delicate ladies have flocked to it in great numbers. Indeed some of the more enthusiastic sportsmen profess to believe that the tract is being spoiled for their purposes; that civilization is pressing too closely on the haunts of the game, and is, moreover, robbing the Adirondacks of that romance of seclusion which constitutes, for many, their chief charm. This fear we believe, however, to be an erroneous one, not having any sufficient foundation in fact. It is true that around the borders of the "North Woods" hotels have been erected, and small villages built up, where tourists find resting places, and where guides and outfits are furnished for excursions, more or less extensive, into the forest; but the heart of the wilderness still remains practically unpenetrated except by the comparatively few enthusiasts who can be suited with nothing but the wildest and most secluded haunts, and who find only an added zest in the hardships encountered in reaching camp, and in living in it after it is reached. Nor is it probable that the center of the wilderness will ever be much different from what it now is. Very little of the land is available for agricultural purposes; and the mining and lumbering operations—for securing the magnetic iron ore and the white-pine timber which abound there—which have

been undertaken, have been confined to what may be regarded as rather the borders of the wilderness proper. The proposition has been made to have the entire central portion of the tract, that part which we have called the "wilderness," set apart by the Legislature as a State park in which lumbering and mining operations should be forbidden; where the fish and game should be protected, and from which private residences should be excluded, except those required for the necessary guards and keepers. In short, it is proposed to keep the "North Woods" as nearly in their primitive condition as possible, and make this natural park bear much the same relation to the State of New York that the great Yellowstone Park does to the national domain. On many accounts it would be matter of rejoicing could this project be carried out. The land, as we have intimated, is not worth cutting up into farms; indeed, we have it on the authority of a prominent agriculturist, recently deceased, and who was familiar with the resources of the region, that it could never be made to pay for the expense of tillage. There is, undoubtedly, a large amount of valuable timber on the mountain slopes; but, apart from the fact that to bring it to market would be so expensive as to make the profitability of the transaction somewhat problematical, it is becoming daily a matter of more certain demonstration that the cutting off of the timber along our principal water-sheds, and around the head-waters of our rivers, is having a most pernicious effect on our climate, as well as on our water supply and upon the crops throughout all the lowlands along our streams. It is a fact, now well established, that not only does the presence of dense forests cause more water to be precipitated upon the ground underneath them than falls upon cleared land, but that the water which does fall is kept by the foliage of the trees, and by the fallen leaves which carpet the ground, from running immediately off and causing destructive floods. On the contrary, it is allowed to soak slowly into the earth, and thus finds its way gradually to the springs and lakes and streams, permeating and moistening all the soil, and nourishing instead of destroying the "kindly fruits of the earth." It is matter of notoriety that since the destruction of our forests the streams have dwindled in size, in some cases practically disappearing; destructive floods and equally disastrous droughts have become common instead of exceptional occurrences, and the question of an adequate supply of water has become a serious one, not only in our cities, but throughout our rural districts as well. It is much to be hoped, therefore, that the great water-shed which feeds the noble Hudson, of which every American has reason to be proud, may be left undisturbed.

This is, perhaps, a commonplace and commercial view to take of the subject, but there is not lacking another and more æsthetic side to it. Apart from the value of the wilderness as a health-giving resort for those who are confined for most of the year to sedentary pursuits, and to whom a summer vacation is a necessity—and no wise legislator would think this a trivial matter—apart from this there remains the consideration of the value of such a tract as looked at from an artistic stand-point. America has the proud distinction of possessing some of the best painters of landscapes in the world; and the reason is, undoubtedly, to be looked for, in great part, in the fact that we possess the finest natural scenery in the world. There are lacking to us the magnificent castles, the moss-grown ruins, the artificial landscapes of the older countries of Europe; but nowhere else on the globe can one be brought into such immediate contact with Nature in her most primitive dress and in her grandest forms. In other lands the artist may find sources of inspiration in contemplating the works of the great geniuses who have gone before him, which are lacking to him here; but in no other land can he drink so deeply from the wells of Nature's greatest achievements. That those advantages have been improved it needs only to look at the works of our leading artists to prove—it is not necessary that we should indulge in the seeming invidiousness of naming any of them. Year after year, however, the grandest features of the scenery in the vicinity of our great cities have been disappearing, and artists have been obliged to push farther and farther from civilization in search of the inspiration of which we have spoken, until even the savage Indian tribes of the Far West have become almost familiarized to the sight of the man with the color box and sketching-stool. The Adirondack region is one of the last strongholds of primitive nature left near us; and, for the sake of all that is æsthetic among us, as well as for the sake of artists

who can not take longer trips, let us hope this natural park may be left to us.

We have spoken of the wild and rugged nature of the scenery in the wilderness—and, in the main, this is true enough; but wildness and grandeur are by no means its only characteristics. Within its penetralia may be found every variety of scenery except the pastoral element of cultivated farms, trim fences, and well-kept hedges. There are babbling brooks whirling gayly along over pebbly bottoms; rushing torrents leaping and foaming down mountain sides, even as the "water comes down at Lodore;" angry rapids tearing in mad haste around and over huge rocks, and lofty cataracts plunging perpendicularly into dark pools from which they send up columns of dense spray. Here may be seen, too, placid lakes whose bosoms are only disturbed by the trout rising to catch the summer fly; by the waterfowl skimming along their surface; or the loon, whose shrill cry, as he rises from some long dive, startles the deer in the adjacent forest.

It is to one of these quieter scenes that Mr. J. S. Davis has introduced us in the admirable picture which we engrave in this number of THE ALDINE. The smooth water, which may be either a slow-moving stream, or a bend in one of the many chains of lakes scattered through the entire region; the old birches in the foreground, from which the bark, loosened by time, is peeling like a cast-off garment, the trunks crossing one another and the branches intertwining, showing that no mortal hand has ever interfered with their natural growth; the tangled forest, which shuts out the view in the distance, and the clear sky, of which we catch a glimpse through the tree tops—all these make up a picture to delight the artist and the lover of nature; while the flying waterfowl, whose cry is the only sound which breaks the profound silence, the group of deer on the opposite bank, evidently pausing to investigate the unwonted clamor, give to the scene life and animation, which are still farther heightened by the presence of the cautious hunter, who has paddled his light canoe among the lily-pads in the sheltered nook in the foreground, from which covert he will presently wake the echoes with the shot which is destined to bring down the antlered leader of the timid herd. Many a one among our readers, we fancy, would like to be in the hunter's place, and would consent to forego the contemplation of the beauties of the landscape until he had secured the venison. The picture is a valuable one, not only as giving a striking and truthful example of Adirondack scenery, but also as a specimen of what Mr. Davis—an American artist "to the tips of his nails"—can do in reproducing the beautiful landscapes of his country. To the lover of the picturesque, too, it will appeal at once by its intrinsic excellence without reference to the locality or the name of the artist; and this, after all, is the best test of a good picture. The time chosen is evidently the early morning; and so wholly has the spirit of that most perfect part of the day been preserved by the artist, one is transported, as it were, in looking upon it, to the solemn aisles of the wilderness—Nature's great temple—and is irresistibly forced to think of the glories of the opening day and of the rising of that luminary which has been revered since time began, and is to-day worshiped by a large portion of the world's inhabitants.

—Sidney Grey.

GENRE PICTURES.

THERE is, probably, not a private gallery in this or any other country in which the paintings of the class styled *genre* do not far outnumber those of any other class. In such public galleries as those to be found in all the large cities of Europe, the case is undoubtedly different for a number of reasons. In the first place, those galleries are the results of many years of accumulation of pictures by rich and, many times, unscrupulous sovereigns and governments; and, consequently, represent the taste not of one but of many men. In the next place, it is natural that the paintings ordered by a nation should be more or less historical, or should possess some historical interest on account of the artist, or of the circumstances under which they were painted or acquired. In this category must be included such portraits of distinguished men and women as usually find their way into public galleries. In private life, however, the case is entirely different. The number of portraits and of historical pieces must necessarily be limited, and the man who has the means to have in his house a



THE WELL THAT SPEAKS.—AFTER A. VELV.

gallery of works of art is almost certain to spend most of his money on either *genre* pictures or landscapes. If the *genre* pictures take the lead, it is not at all to be wondered at, for it is only another illustration of the taste which leads people to read novels and other stories. It will be readily seen that the *genre* painter has a vast field from which to choose his subjects; in fact, he is limited only by his powers of vision. He may, in the words of a distinguished writer on art, "either degrade his art by recording trivial events or actions better forgotten, or ennoble it by immortalizing scenes which will bring the thoughts and feelings of other times and other classes vividly before the mind of the spectator. * * * He may adopt what is known as the grand or ideal style, and attempt to express the highest idea

conceivable of natural perfection, or he may choose the realistic or materialistic style, and exhibit things exactly as they are, without alteration or improvement." A *genre* picture, it will be seen, therefore, is on canvas what the novel, the story, the sketch is supposed to be on paper—a representation of some phase of human life, and hence the reason it appeals so forcibly to human feeling. As we recognize in the poet or the novelist more or less of the artist, as shown in the fact that he, when at the head of his class, constructs his story upon the true principles of unity of design which must necessarily actuate the painter or sculptor who produces combinations or compositions, so we find more or less of the poet and the story-teller in the artist who paints either *genre*, historical, or landscape pictures, or even portraits.



ON GOOD TERMS WITH HIMSELF.—AFTER F. VINEA.

It is, in every case, the skill of the artist which tells the story; and it is no less possible to tell an intelligible story in a landscape or a mere family portrait than it is in the most elaborate historical or heroic composition. In regard to the story-telling capacities of landscapes we need only refer to any gallery of good pictures, or, better yet, perhaps, to the pages of THE ALDINE, for full proof and illustration of what we have said. As to the possibility of telling a long story in a portrait, we could point to several world-renowned instances, some of which have appeared in our columns, but we may illustrate it by relating an anecdote of the painter Stuart—whose portrait of Washington is the generally recognized standard—told by his daughter. Mr. Stuart, while living in England, was engaged by the Duke of

Northumberland to paint the portraits of his two children, a son and daughter. Being asked by the artist if he had any choice as to the position in which they should be represented, the duke answered that his daughter, who was very pretty, was inclined to be vain of her beauty, and that her brother was fond of teasing her on the subject, and he would like it if they could be so portrayed as to indicate these peculiarities of disposition. Stuart thereupon painted the two children as standing by the fish pond, the girl admiring her face, as shown in the water; while the boy threw stones into the pond to spoil the reflection. This was a portrait, but it was, after all, as much a story; and, excepting the likenesses, as much a composition emanating from the artist's brain as any *genre* piece ever painted.

If American artists have, heretofore, produced better portraits and landscapes than historical and *genre* pictures, the reason is not far to seek. In the first place, portrait painting is not only the usual resource of the struggling artist, but it is also the form of art work which is most remunerative in a new and growing country. In the next place, we have very little of national history upon which the artist can fall back, and our people have cared comparatively little for scenes from the history of other countries. Our country has been lavishly dealt with by nature in the matter of beautiful landscapes, while our population has, until a comparatively recent period, not been of the class to furnish so much material for the *genre* painter. Add to these facts the consideration that our leading characteristic has been an earnestness of character, which militated much against any purely imaginative work, and we have reason sufficient for the fact that we have produced so few American novelists, and also that *genre* painting is yet in its infancy among us.

That this will not always be the case, however, is abundantly shown in the fact that *genre* pictures by foreign artists are coming year by year to be more in demand here, and in the further fact that American artists are paying more and more attention to the painting of the figure, even in essentially landscape pictures, and to the production of *genre* pieces of the higher class.

How thoroughly *genre* pictures are appreciated by the art-buying public of the United States is pretty well shown by the preponderance of works of that class in every public exhibition or sale of private galleries. Indeed, French and other foreign painters of such pictures have, for several years, found a mine of wealth in the pockets of rich and cultivated Americans; and not a little of the comfort as well as reputation of such artists as Meissonier, Gérôme, Makart, Bouguereau, Cabanel, Zamacois, Vely, and a host of others, most of whose names are familiar to ALDINE readers, has been due to the purses of their admirers on this side the Atlantic. As a rule, these artists have been represented here by some of their best works; but this has not always been the case in public exhibitions, and it is noteworthy that many of the pictures painted for and sent to the Philadelphia Exposition of 1876, especially those by foreign artists, were, for some unexplained reason, such as by no means did them justice. Illustrations of this fact will occur to most of our readers who visited the Exhibition, and compared the pictures there shown with specimens of work by the same artists to be seen elsewhere. An instance may be cited in the picture, "A Lady with a Guitar," shown by Auguste Vely, a French artist of merit and repute, who was medaled in the Salon of 1874, but whose reputation was certainly not enhanced by the namby-pamby picture he sent to Philadelphia. We do him better justice than he did himself, by giving one of his works which is not only much better but is more truly representative of his powers and his style.

A GLANCE AT SCULPTURE.

ARCHITECTURE is generally considered the eldest of the arts, and in a certain sense this is no doubt correct, as men certainly built houses before they ornamented them; but the distance from the hut of the primitive man to the Cathedral of Strasbourg is much greater than that which separates even the humblest

known specimens of sculpture from the finest masterpieces we possess. Unless, therefore, we are prepared to consider the rude hut of the savage a work of art, we ought to award the palm of age to sculpture. Men undoubtedly carved forms in wood or stone, or moulded them in clay, before they attempted anything like painting or engraving. Of course we have no data whereby to determine the relative antiquity of the two arts of painting and sculpture, since, from their perishable nature, pictures rarely endure for more than a few centuries at most—the works of the masters of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, which we still possess, having been preserved only by the exercise of the greatest care; and even at that many of them are almost obliterated by the hand of Time, that *edax rerum*. We have specimens of sculpture, however, dating from a period of nearly or quite four

thousand years before the beginning of our era. Indeed, an Egyptian statue of one of their kings, which would have done no discredit to the sculptors of a much later period, was exhibited at the Universal Exposition at Paris, in 1867. It is a fact worth recording, too, that this singular statue, instead of being carved from stone, was of cedar, and had originally been covered with a thin coat of colored stucco, of which only a portion remained. Aside from its antiquity, this remarkable work of art is interesting to the art student for its intrinsic excellence. It was found in a tomb, the inscriptions on which showed it to be that of Ra-em-Ké, a king of Egypt of the fifth dynasty—about the year 4,000 B. C. The statue is, therefore, undoubtedly a portrait of that monarch; and the celebrated French critic, M. Lenormant, says of it, that as a study of nature, as a striking and life-like portrait, it is unsurpassed by any Grecian work; that everything being faithfully copied from living nature, it is evidently a true portrait. He states that the modeling of the body is marvelous, but it is the head which most challenges admiration. The able writer calls the latter a prodigy of life, and says that "the mouth, parted by a slight smile, seems about to speak. The expression of the eyes is almost distressing. The eye-balls are shaded by lids of bronze, and are formed of pieces of opaque white quartz, in the centre of which are inserted rounded bits of rock crystal to represent the pupils. Under each crystal is fixed a shining nail, which indicates the visual point and produces the astonishing and life-like expression." Such praise from such a source must give us a high conception of the progress which the art of sculpture had made at that remote date. Unfortunately, if painting

was at all known then, we have no specimens to show how far it had progressed, nor how it compared with the sister art. Considering, however, what we know of the history of art development in later times and other countries, it is safe to assume that painting had not reached any such point of perfection. There is, indeed, this to be said in reference to the two arts, that, whereas the painters of to-day are, as a body, equal, and even in many cases superior, to the most ancient of those of whose works we have any record, our finest specimens of sculpture date from very remote ages. The Medici Venus still remains the model of all that is most beautiful in the female form, although its age is so great as to have become a matter of mere conjecture, and one can only wonder, when looking at it, that any sculptor could have been found to replace its missing parts—a task which even Michael Angelo refused to attempt for the Farnese Hercules, and which an inferior artist undertook to his lasting discomfiture.

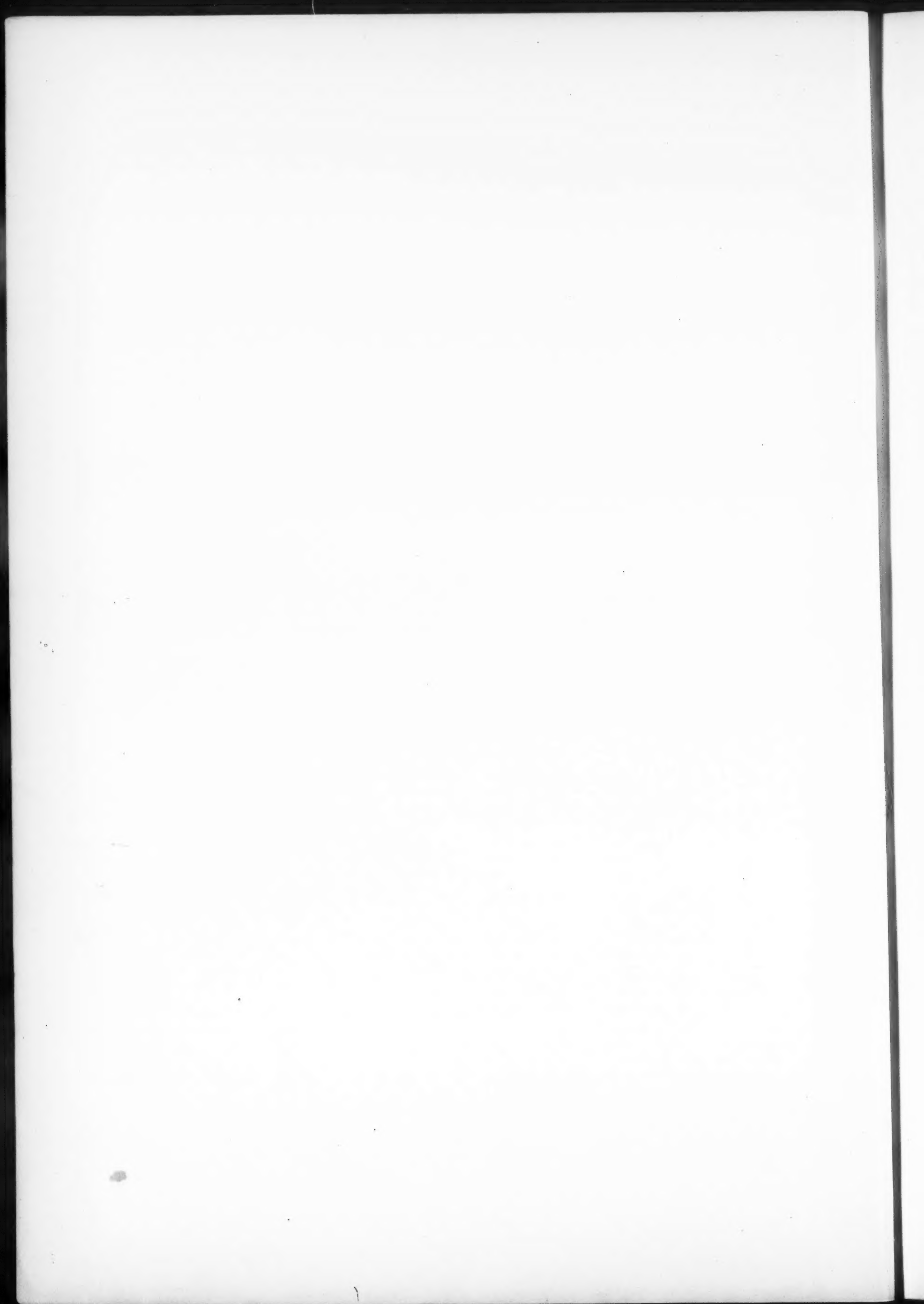
Let us not be misunderstood as claiming that there are no



MY FIRST FRIEND.—AFTER F. BARZAGHI.



MORNING IN THE ADIRONDACKS. — JOHN S. DAVIS.



modern sculptors worthy of the name, or even that the sculptors of the present day have not fully vindicated their right to be styled artists in the highest sense of the word. We certainly mean nothing of the sort; but it is sufficiently evident to even the most casual observer that there has been no progress made in sculpture at all equivalent to that which can be shown in painting. To discredit modern sculpture, would be to cast odium not only on a large number of foreigners whom we all love and admire, but also on a considerable number of our own countrymen whose lives and deeds have lent a lustre to the name of "American." If sculpture seems to be less assiduously pursued than the art of painting, there may be reason for the fact—although we are not quite prepared to admit it as a fact—in the increase of our knowledge concerning pigments, canvases, the methods of mixing and applying paints, etc.; whereas, in regard to sculpture, we know very little more than did our ancestors.

At the same time, it must be said, that there is no sort of artistic work which is more generally appreciated or commands more immediate and generous recognition from the public than sculpture. A picture may fail to touch the feelings of the multitude; but a figure, moulded "in the round," always appeals to the sense of form which is never absent from the human breast. This was particularly noticeable at the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia, where the statuary was surrounded, gazed at, and talked over far more than even those paintings which were also centres of attraction.

We have not space in the limits of this article to catalogue or describe all the different works which there challenged criticism, adverse or otherwise, but no one can have failed to notice the unusually full exhibition from Italian sculptors. In regard to many of these works, it was remarked that they did not fairly represent the Italian school of sculpture of the present day; and, in fact, that they seemed rather to have been sent over here on speculation than as exhibits of the achievements of true artists whose feelings were enlisted in their work. A certain portion of these criticisms was undoubtedly merited; for it is undeniable that among the many sculptures sent from Italy there were a number which could not be judged good by even the most partial friend of either the artists or their country. This objection, however, could not be properly made to very many more of the exhibits sent by Italian artists, gentlemen who, at home and abroad, are universally conceded to best represent the condition of the art in their country. It is worth noticing, in passing, that the fault found with the inferior works to which we have referred is of precisely the same nature as the criticism passed by most critics upon the Italian school as a whole. To explain, and lest we should be accused of making a too sweeping criticism, a (necessarily brief) glance may be given at the history of Italian sculpture in recent times.

It is a fact universally conceded that the art of sculpture reached its culminating point in Italy in the time of Michael Angelo (who died in 1564), and from his day we must record a general though not uniform decadence. Very soon after the death of the great Florentine there sprung up a school—if so it can be properly called—of inferior artists, who, leaving the true domain of sculpture, strove chiefly after effects, and dexterity of execution was prized above nobility of conception. Of this school the most prominent figure is undoubtedly that of Bernini, who was born at the close of the sixteenth century, and died in 1680, and who was styled by some of his admirers "The Second Michael Angelo;" but the comparison is too much that of "Hyperion to a satyr" to be adopted by the calmer judgment of later generations. His works show dexterous execution, but that is all; the "divine fire" is entirely wanting. From the time of Bernini to that of Canova, who lived from 1747 to 1822, there was nothing in Italian sculpture worthy of notice. Canova, however, in Italy, like Flaxman in England, caused a purer and more correct standard to be adopted; and there was an improvement after his time, the great Dane, Thorwaldsen, having been one of his immediate followers and most favored pupils. Since the day of Canova Italian sculpture has steadily advanced, although the old standard has not been reached. There is still, it was remarked at Philadelphia, a certain pettiness of detail and a sort of attempt at realistic effects—such, for instance, as putting real steel knitting-needles into the hands of a woman knitting—and undoubtedly much of this criticism was just; but there still remained the

two facts that Italy not only possesses, apparently, more sculptors than any other nation, but also that they treated us more generously than the artists of any other country; or, at least, sent us more works. Among those most thoroughly represented was Francisco Barzaghi, who had about half-a-dozen statues in the Exhibition, and of whose "My First Friend" we publish an engraving, it being a fair sample of his style. Signor Barzaghi is a native of Milan, but has often exhibited in England and the United States, and is one of the best of the Italian school of sculptors of to-day.

—J. A. Miller.

THE ODD AND HUMBLE IN ART.

THERE has probably never been a time, since painting was invented, when what are now known as *genre* pictures—that is, pictures having no historical significance, and referring only to the affairs of every-day life, with all their humor and pathos, have not been produced in greater or less numbers by artists. As the great satirists—from the time of Horace, Juvenal, and the other ancients, down to the author of "Hudibras" and his still more recent followers and imitators—have made the follies and foibles of their fellow-men the theme of ridicule and more or less vituperation; and as the novelists and the playwrights have used the peculiarities of the rest of mankind as a text, so have also the painters, leaving the domains of what is called "high art," drawn for inspiration upon the homely life of their contemporaries, for subjects for their pencils. Nor can we so much wonder—if wonder is indeed necessary—that this should have been the case. It may be possible that a saint is preferable to a sinner, but we have yet to find out that the saint is necessarily the more picturesque object, looked at from an artistic stand-point. In fact, artists have by no means always found it so, having drawn their inspiration quite as often from the ranks of the very lowest as from those of the highest of mankind.

Not to be too particular in our mention of artists, it will suffice to speak of a few of those who have been noted in the annals of art as painters of the humble, the lowly and the odd. Of these we find two of the most celebrated in Spain: Diego Velasquez, who lived from 1599 to 1660, and who became the head of the school of Madrid. He ranked high as a painter of portraits, taking rank with Titian and Vandyck; but all his most celebrated compositions are devoted to illustrating the humble life of the people of his day and country. Of those the two probably best known are "The Water-Seller of Seville," now in the possession of the Duke of Wellington, and the "Topers" in the Madrid Gallery, both excellent specimens.

Contemporary with Velasquez, and scarcely if at all inferior to him, was Murillo, who died in 1682. Murillo is spoken of as the chief representative of the Spanish school of religious painting, of which several excellent examples exist in the European galleries. But it is chiefly as a painter of humble life that he is best known, especially of many beggar boys and other street *gamins*. Some reason for this may be found, perhaps, in the fact that his own origin was of the humblest, and that he drew the inspiration for his pictures from the sources with which he was most familiar; hence we find "Spanish Flower Girls," "Beggar Boys," and similar specimens of this great painter's skill comparatively plenty. It must be remembered that Murillo's works have claims to fame beyond anything supplied by their subjects. He is not excelled by any of his contemporaries in softness and brilliancy of coloring, nor in picturesqueness of composition or in skill in posing his subjects.

To the same time belonged David Teniers, who was undoubtedly not only the greatest *genre* painter of his own but of any other time as well. The son of a painter of distinction, the founder, it is claimed, of the Belgian school of *genre* painting, and a pupil of Rubens, Teniers preserved strictly his originality; and, though too often coarse, developed a skill in grouping figures, a faithfulness of delineation, a spirit, humor, lightness of touch and grace of execution, which deservedly place him at the head of his class. His humor very often became satire, and no one was too lofty in station or too exalted in character to escape his notice. Not all his pictures were satirical, however, nor were his subjects by any means all drawn from low life, though very many of them were; and in all such he showed the same love of truth which



THE SALAD PEDDLER.—JOHANN WITT.

actuated the others of this class whom we have mentioned; and, like them, this characteristic led to very much of the coarseness to which we have referred.

Later than the great painters we have named came William Hogarth, who, with Sir Joshua Reynolds, is awarded the honor of having been a founder of the English school of painting. He was born in 1697, and died in 1764, and throughout nearly all of that period his influence over English art and artists was marked. He was a man of strong, vigorous character, intensely independent, and devoted to truth, as his pictures all clearly demonstrate. Very early in his career he became disgusted at the almost slav-

ish devotion shown by English artists to the mannerisms and methods of the Italian school—not by any means at that time of a character to recommend itself to a man like Hogarth, who, whatever other faults he may have had, had nothing of the petty or namby-pamby about him. Perhaps his contempt for those faults had a certain effect in intensifying some of his qualities which scarcely needed to be encouraged; but, at all events, it helped to give us a painter whom the world could ill have spared. Hogarth's works are so well known by means of numerous engravings that it is scarcely necessary to say that they are very largely satirical, and that they deal almost entirely with moral



A FOREST HOME.—C. KRÖNER.

questions connected with the social life of the day. Very seldom, too, does he choose his subjects from other than the comparatively humble—unless, indeed, we except such a series as the “*Marriage à la Mode*,” in which an attempt is made to introduce us to something like fashionable society; but even here, we can hardly call the attempt a success.

Like his predecessors, of whom we have spoken, Hogarth painted what he saw around him; and, as he painted with fidelity, his pictures, like theirs, have a value as records of contemporary manners and customs, apart from any interest attaching to their moral teachings. There was this difference between him and

them, however, that although they all excelled him in coloring, and even many times in drawing, none of the others attempted to make themselves moral teachers; and no one of the others—with the possible exception of Velasquez—had so great an influence on the national school of his country.

A later artist, who has, like Hogarth, drawn humble life, and who, like Hogarth, was born for a moralist and reformer, is George Cruikshank, who, though not a painter, has spent a long life in illustrating the phases of life among the lowly, and in drawing from them great moral lessons told with humor and pathos. We must leave him, and other artists of the present day,

who have drawn or painted men and women. We must remark not all the inspiration for pictures of humble life has been drawn from the human family, however, for a long line of artists of the highest reputation have made different members of the brute creation the subjects of their pencils, sometimes endowing them with distinctively human feelings, and portraying them as acting like human beings, and sometimes showing them in situations natural to them, and acting out the impulses more or less common to them and to humanity.

In any mention of such pictures the first name to arise in the mind is that of Sir Edwin Landseer, who died so recently as 1873, and whose works are so well known by means of copies, engravings, chromos and lithographs. Nearly all his pictures were of the class somewhat vaguely described by the term *genre* (which, as somebody has wittily said, "everybody understands but no one can define"), although he often paints, as the scene of action, a charming landscape, as even the *genre* painter has a right to do, so long as the sentiment of the picture is centred in the living subjects, and the landscape subordinated to them, as in the case of the group we engrave in the present number, of a doe watching her fawns, and, on being startled by some unwonted sound, has sprung to her feet, with true motherly instinct, to guard them as best she may, or assist them in their flight if flight be necessary. Landseer was especially noted for his fidelity to nature, both in drawing and in the rendering of textures: fur, hair, horn or hoof, all show precisely what they are in his pictures; and the freedom and unity of his groups are always carefully preserved. His example has had a great effect upon animal painting, as the growing taste for it and the great advance made in it during his time, especially in our own country, can testify.

It would be useless in this place, as well as invidious in us, to review the capacities and capabilities of the living artists who have followed in the footsteps of—not imitated—Landseer; nor do we intend, at this time, to enter into any discussion of their merits; but we may surely be pardoned for briefly referring to the names of Schreyer, whose horses are well known; Beard, who has given us so many examples of human nature as typified by beasts; Dolph, who paints cats and kittens; and a score of others who have given us their humble friends in different guises.

WORKERS IN GOLD.

THE art of working in the precious metals, whether for the production of articles to adorn the person, statues, architectural ornaments, or dishes for the table, is undoubtedly one of the very highest antiquity. It probably sprung, in the first place, from that love of ornament which is inherent in human nature, and moves the savage as strongly as it does the most highly civilized. That gold was almost universally used for this purpose among the most ancient peoples is undoubtedly to be largely attributed to the fact of its seemingly almost universal distribution in the countries

where existed the highest civilization, and its consequent cheapness; to which we must add its inherent brilliancy and beauty, and the mechanical qualities of malleability and ductility. These qualities it has not lost, nor is it less beautiful; but it would be impossible at the present day to make such lavish use of it as was commonly done in the times of which we speak, as, to refer to a well-known example, in the decorations of Solomon's Temple and palace. Nor was there less use made of the metal for purposes of personal adornment, and the skill formerly attained may be judged of by the examples of a somewhat later date, to be seen in the Castellani collection now in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York.

How great this skill was it is not our purpose to speak at this time, but we may remark that it has, in most respects, never been surpassed, nor, in fact, equaled. The art of making jewelry, for instance, of the sort known as Etruscan, having a peculiar granulated appearance, has been completely lost; and, although Mr. Castellani, after years of patient investigation, managed to produce excellent imitations of the ancient work, he remarks: "We are, nevertheless, convinced that the ancients must have had some chemical process by which to fix those intertwistings which is unknown to us, and without which, notwithstanding all our efforts, we have not been able to arrive at the reproduction of certain articles of exquisite minuteness, and which we despair of ever imitating, unless through the agency of some new scientific discovery."

What we have said refers more to the jeweler than to the goldsmith; but, in truth, the two are inseparable the one from the other. As a French writer has tersely and wittily said: "The goldsmith is the jeweler of the dresser; and the jeweler is the goldsmith of the jewel case." The same skill of workmanship which was shown in the manufacture of personal ornaments appeared also in the articles of house decoration or of table service. It may be that a higher degree of artistic excellence was shown in the early examples of jewelry than in the works of the goldsmiths, but the workmanship was necessarily of the same quality,

both working in the same materials, with the same tools, and by the same or precisely similar processes. It is a noteworthy fact, too, that many of the early forms, as for example that of the vase, have come down to us unchanged.

We can not here give even a list of the names of great artists who, in times more recent than those of which we have spoken—historical times—have not been ashamed to show their skill in works in gold and silver, and even in things so apparently trivial as ladies' ornaments; yet such masters as Ghiberti—who erected the bronze doors of the Baptistery at Florence—Andrea del Verrochio, Ghirlandajo and others, gave us some of the most beautiful designs for jewelry which have been produced.

But the goldsmith who has, perhaps, filled the largest space in the history of the art was Benvenuto Cellini, who has been made the subject of more than one romantic story, the elder Dumas having introduced him into one of his novels; but even Dumas could do very little else than copy from Cellini's "Memoirs," for



VASE AND CUP.—BENVENUTO CELLINI.

the career of the artist was, when the plain facts were told, far beyond the wildest dreams of the most imaginative romancer. With his skill as an artist he combined a fiery temper, impatient of restraint; a mercurial temperament, incapable of remaining long in one place; a swaggering boastfulness, which was only too characteristic of his countrymen of that day; and he was even more prone than most of his countrymen to the use of the dagger on those with whom he had quarreled. That the career of such a character should be an eventful one it needs not much of a prophet to foretell.

He was born at Florence, November 1, 1500. His father had studied drawing and engineering, was an excellent musician, and made some of the best musical instruments, especially spinets, which had been seen; he also carved well in ivory. The young Benvenuto, at the age of fifteen, entered as an apprentice the shop of a goldsmith, who was surnamed Marcone, where he made rapid progress. At sixteen he saw his brother fighting a duel, and, rushing up sword in hand, rescued him, for which exploit he was banished to a distance of ten miles from the town for six months, a very light sentence.

Now began his wanderings, which we have not space to follow. He went first to Sienna; next to Bologna; then back to Florence, and thence to Pisa, where he much improved, especially by the study of a mass of antiques which he found in the town. Returning to his old master at Florence, he seems to have studied hard and to have achieved a number of successes, but he was getting restless and started for Rome, where he remained a short time before again setting out on his travels, but, killing a rival, he was obliged to return to Rome, where he found plenty of work, executing orders for the Pope and nearly all the cardinals. His fame began to grow while here, and his vanity and conceit more than kept pace with it.

It would almost require a volume to tell of his life at Rome; his rivalries; his studies, in which, it must be admitted, he was unremitting; his works, of which he produced some of the most beautiful he ever executed; his share in the defense of the city against the Constable de Bourbon, which reads like a chapter from Munchausen. On his departure after the siege he started for Florence, but went to Mantua, and when he finally reached Florence found his father dead of the plague. He soon returned to Rome, where Clement VII., then Pope, employed him first in making a cope button, then a chalice, and finally set him to coining the papal money and executing two medals. Before, however, these were finished Clement died. Paul III., who succeeded to the tiara, employed Benvenuto; but, being less liberal than his predecessor, they soon quarreled, and Cellini went to Venice, and thence to Florence, where the reigning Medici employed him in making his coins. He soon returned to Rome, where he received absolution for his many homicides, and was set to work, but not getting the pay he demanded for putting solid gold covers on a book the Pope desired to present to Charles V. of Spain, he went to France, and offered his services to Francis I., but that monarch, being busily engaged in war, had no time for art, and Cellini returned to Rome, where he was soon seized and thrown into prison on some charge made against him by dissatisfied workmen. His story of his imprisonment and attempts at escape is a chapter of romance. He was at last released through the agency of Cardinal Ferrara, of France, absolved by the Pope, and set to work for the cardinal, for whom he made the celebrated salt-cellar which is now in the Museum of Antiques at Vienna. During his residence in France Benvenuto executed some of the finest of his smaller works, of which the "Nymph of Fontainebleau" is probably the most important as it is the most pretentious, although his cups and vases, executed at this time, were eagerly sought after and were indeed marvels of execution. We engrave a vase and cup of oriental jasper mounted in gold which are excellent samples of his work at this period.

Quarreling with the king's favorite, the Duchess d'Etampes, Cellini was obliged to flee, and went to Florence, where he entered the service of the Duke Cosmo, where he remained, with short absences, until his death in 1571. While there he executed his great work in bronze, the "Perseus" (of which an engraving has been heretofore published in THE ALDINE), on which his fame must now chiefly rest, since most of his works in the precious metals have been destroyed. The story of his struggles in casting this is a touching one, as told by himself, but is too long

for us to copy, and no paraphrase could do it justice. It is one of those narrations which admit of no rewriting. The story of itself, how he had arranged everything for the final casting, and was then, as his workmen supposed, defeated at the last moment by an accident; how he overcame that accident by his indomitable will and uncalculable recklessness; how he finally brought out the "Perseus" intact, except a defect in one foot; all these are told in his memoirs, and have been told in romance, but we can not repeat them.

—J. A. Peters, M. D.

ART AND BREAD AND BUTTER.

THAT accomplished playwright and actor, Mr. Dion Boucicault, writing in the *North American Review* about the decline of the drama, tells us how after the success of his first play he was forced either to become a translator and adapter of the works of other dramatists, or leave the stage; for the reason, as he states it, that while he could get but £100 for a play that took six months' hard work to compose, he could easily earn £150 in a fortnight by translating plays from the French. It will be seen from this that Mr. Boucicault, like many another follower of the arts, looks upon art first of all as a means of getting money, and this is not a singular view to take of the matter; but it does seem to me that Mr. Boucicault and others who hold to such like extremely practical ideas of the artist's duty to art and himself need scarcely go beyond themselves to find reason for the unsatisfactory condition of art in these times. Nor is it exactly fair from this bread-and-butter point of view to censure the press for its lack of ability and conscience; for may not the press find that flippant and unconscientious criticism is much the most popular and paying kind? It seems to me that if Mr. Boucicault wants to better the condition of the drama, he would do well to begin by convincing the theatre-going public that good legitimate plays are much more enjoyable than sensational and inartistic ones. I believe, though, that it is the common opinion that "London Assurance," which Mr. Boucicault wrote when a boy, is abler than anything he has done since; and it may be that overmuch catering to the uneducated popular taste, for money-making purposes, has blunted this dramatist's artistic perceptions to the degree of rendering him incapable of composing a good play.

Now the mistake that Mr. Boucicault made, and the mistake that very many artists make when they start out in life, is the mistake of an unenlightened selfishness. They entertain the somewhat primitive and barbarous idea that they "must live;" by which they mean having every thing comfortable about them, and being "respectable." They want to conform to the usages of society—live in a fashionable quarter of the town and hold up their heads—all of which are good and commendable things for butchers and grocers' boys to aspire to. But the artist's motives should be other than these, and his incentives higher, or he will only spoil the possible making of an honest man and good citizen by trying in this sort of half-hearted way to become an interpreter of the unseen beauties and truths of nature.

No one, my good sir, will object to your desire to live as comfortably and elegantly as Mr. Jones the merchant, who has successfully pursued a legitimate money-making business, if you have got the means of living in that way as honestly as he has; but you certainly can not expect to have the respect of enlightened men if you have rivaled the magnificence of Mr. Jones by debauching your own nature and prostituting a noble art; and you are no more deserving of such respect than a quack doctor who has grown rich by imposing a worthless nostrum upon the credulous. The quack will say in justification, just as you do, that he must live, and that if the people would rather have a fraudulent article of medicine than a genuine one, it is not his fault but their misfortune, and that so long as advantage will be taken of their ignorance and credulity, he might as well profit by it as another.

Now, Mr. Smith, the fashionable portrait painter, I know what I am going to say will not offend you in the least; in fact, it will amuse you, for you will think it hits off your rival Brown to the life. You see you can no more recognize a truthful portrait of yourself than you can estimate the individuality of your sitter. There was a time in your life when you were moved by a generous ambition to make an honorable and lasting place for yourself in art. You really had quite an inclination in that way, but you

found the road to such honorable and lasting success a steep and hard one. Your love of art was not nearly so strong as your love of self-indulgence, and you never did have so great a desire to be a good painter as to have the reputation of being one. Adulation was a much more substantial and gratifying thing to your imagination than the power of growing to see the truth and rendering it. If you could have gained popularity and wealth by a faithful and earnest use of your higher capabilities, you would have preferred it, no doubt; but the humiliations of poverty and obscurity were beyond your endurance. To be cut and ignored by this and that fashionable person whom you admired, and to hear remarks about your seedy clothes, and doubts expressed as to your sanity, was too much. You had not gone far enough in the study of your art to paint a truthful portrait acceptably, and you gradually fell into the way of painting people as they thought they would like to look, and as their friends thought they ought to look, rather than as you saw them. Now you have grown rich and famous by catering to human vanity, just as the quack doctor has grown rich and notorious by catering to human credulity; and although you are a "respectable" man and "eminent" citizen, you are still a more pitiable character than the quack, because, though both now upon the same plane of obtuseness, you had by nature higher capabilities, and have destroyed them to that extent that you more than half believe you are as great an artist as you are reputed to be, and, like Mr. Boucicault, look abroad for ingenious theories by which we may account for the decline of art.

The fact is, if Mr. Boucicault had had the wit to see, after the production of his first play, that if he kept on writing the best he was capable of, and managed to scrape along for awhile on a thousand dollars a year—which a great many young men do nowadays—he might not only have greatly developed his powers and gained as large an income as he has to-day, but he might also have improved the English drama to that extent that his article on its decline would have been uncalled for. As it is, however, it is quite possible that this clever dramatist has done more to lower the artistic tone of the English and American stage than any living man, for the simple reason that he has avowedly perverted conspicuously great talents which should have been devoted to art, to the acquisition of money. He, like many other men, does not seem ever to have recognized the great truth that the best thing a human being can do is to develop the higher faculties by an earnest and judicious use of them, and that by making this the one great aim of life, all things else that are needful will follow as a natural result.

To contend that a comparatively enlightened people who have wealth and leisure enough to enable them to indulge their higher tastes, are incapable of producing a vital and noble art, is sheer fallacy. Popular art and popular literature must of necessity be always to some considerable extent rather poor and ephemeral stuff, for the reason that "plain people" have little power of discrimination, and the showy, pretentious article is always likeliest to impress them. But if we want to raise the standard of art and better the public taste, the reformation must begin with the artists themselves; but so long as the great body of artists continue to look at every thing from the bread-and-butter point of view, and plead in mitigation of their shortcomings the necessity of living, we need expect little progression, and will have to continue to delude ourselves with such like arguments as Mr. Boucicault's, that because the unknown was explored the ideal died a natural death; that it is the newspaper press and the scientific spirit of the age which are the impediments; that whenever the public wants a better quality of art we will have to give it them. We will have, in fact, to continue to look everywhere but at home for the causes of the decline of art. —William R. O'Donovan.

PORTRAITS OF WASHINGTON.

HERO worship, whatever may be Mr. Carlyle's opinion, is the normal condition of nations if not of individuals. There has never yet been a country which has not had its leaders, its heroes, to whom it did homage throughout its national existence; and very generally this homage has taken the form of the erection of monuments or the execution of portraits. The oldest specimens of sculpture we have are the iconic statues of Egyptian kings, executed, some of them, nearly sixty centuries ago. Nor is this

disposition to exalt and to perpetuate the features of favorite leaders in the least to be wondered at. It is only the carrying out, on a large scale, of the disposition which exists in almost every individual to preserve all possible mementoes of those who have been loved or valued as friends or mentors. America, while too young to have produced many heroes—with too short a history to give her a crowded Valhalla—has yet a few names in the list of her sons which awaken all the enthusiasm of the patriotic heart, and which we hope may never cease to be honored until the nation shall have been blotted out from the list of nations, and Lord Macaulay's New Zealander shall have taken his seat on the dome of the Capitol.

Of our heroes we do not purpose to speak at any length, or to give any opinion as to their respective fitness to occupy pedestals in the temple of Fame. Guided by the light of history—sometimes, it must be confessed, a very uncertain flame—none of them has lacked for a sufficient amount of portraiture; none of them has been neglected by the biographers; and, considering the quality, more than enough monuments have been erected to our illustrious dead. But there is one figure in our pantheon to which all must bow for all time to come, and which only appears the larger and the more worthy of worship the more we look at it. It is needless to say that we refer to Washington, the *Pater Patriæ*, who stands out from the pages of history not only as "first in the hearts of his countrymen," but as being second to no one in the eyes of the rest of the world. It is true of him, as it is not of all the world's heroes, that the more closely and carefully his life and character are studied, the more admirable they seem. But it is necessary that this study should be honest and conscientious, and not directed by too much of either partial friendship or partisan malice. It will not suffice to take the dicta of either such a determined adulator as Weems, or of so bitter an opponent as Cobbett. The truth in regard to any man occupying so prominent a place in the eyes of the world as did Washington, is always hard to get at, for the very reason that the moment his praises begin to be heard, there begins also the clamor against him which can be called up against any man who is thought worthy of attack; and the result of the controversy is, inevitably, that his admirers are led to overpraise him, in order to in some degree make up for the dispraise his enemies see fit to bestow on him. It often happens, therefore, that we get truer estimates of a man's character and powers long after his death than his contemporaries are able to form. Contemporary accounts and anecdotes are as valuable in the case of individual biographies as they are in the history of great national events; but a man's immediate friends or enemies are seldom capable of forming a dispassionate and unbiased opinion of him, just as the actors in a great national drama are usually unfit, from their very nearness to and participation in events, to write a complete history of them.

There are necessary, too, to the accomplished biographer or good historian, certain qualities which times of war or of great political activity do not call out. There is needed for the good historian, of either nations or individuals, a certain amount of imagination which the man of action very seldom possesses. Thus it happens that some of our best history is to be found in the pages of novels. The really great novelist should possess the power of putting himself in the place of his characters; and then, if he be conscientious in gathering his material, he can so reconstruct the characters and their surroundings as that his fiction becomes the very truest history. Instances of this are found in several of Scott's novels; in Bulwer's "Last of the Barons;" in Thackeray's "Colonel Esmond," and "The Virginians." In the last-named work it will be remembered that the great novelist draws us a full-length portrait of Washington; and, on its publication as a serial, many of our readers will remember the storm of indignation which was excited in some quarters on the reception of one of the chapters giving the quarrel scene in the tavern; it being asserted that to represent the great man as quarreling with boys over a bowl of liquor, and then accepting a challenge, was to degrade and belittle him. And yet the persons making this clamor only showed how little they appreciated the real character of the first President and of the times in which he lived. We had, as a nation, become so accustomed to setting Washington upon a pedestal and doing him homage as a demi-god, so to speak, that we ran in danger not only of becoming ridiculous by



GODMOTHER'S GARDEN. — AFTER FIRMIN GIRARD.

forgetting that he was a man, but of losing the valuable lessons to be drawn by the study of his character to ascertain just what manner of man it was who carried the Revolution to a successful termination. No mere lay figure, such as is too often presented to us for Washington, could by any possibility have done what he did. To successfully carry out so great an enterprise as he did required a man of strong passions, and these Washington undoubtedly had. A man without them could not have had force enough to have commanded the American army; sustained the spirits of the colonists in the midst of defeat; held on his own way in the midst of jibes and cabals; and finally, when victory had been won, and opposition was changed for adulation, no such man could have refused a crown and resigned his power. A man without passions would have been too weak to have resisted friends and foes as well as himself. Thackeray, who was artist, as well as novelist, and in both capacities a student of human nature, had a more correct notion of the great man's character;

and moral constitution. It is by the light of these known facts that we must judge of the portraits of Washington, of which a quite large number were produced, of varying merit and almost as much varied in expression. It is a curious fact, too, that some of these, which we now know to have been far from truly representing him, were considered very good likenesses by many of the immediate friends of their subject. Indeed, he seems to have had a very shrewd suspicion that many of the artists who troubled him—and a very great trouble they must have been, too—were not always capable of doing the highest work, if we may judge by the following extract from a letter written in July, 1792, to Governor Lee, of Virginia:

"Your letter of the 20th ult. was presented to me by Mr. Williams, who, as a professional man, may or may not be, for aught I know, a luminary of the first magnitude. But, to be frank, and I hope you will not be displeased with me for being so, I am heartily tired of the attendance which, from one cause



INNOCENCE AND CHILDHOOD. — RUBENS.

and we do not imagine that there is any thoughtful person who would now quarrel with him for making Washington, when goaded beyond endurance by insult, act as a man of spirit was expected to act. It would have been ridiculous in the extreme to have represented a young man of thirty-three—Washington's age at the time—acting with the coolness of age. Besides, we have it on excellent contemporary testimony that the chief, like all great leaders, could get very angry indeed, and that, when angry, he was very terrible indeed. As Mr. Wendell Phillips once said, in his peculiar epigrammatic way: "We owe, under the providence of God, our success in the Revolution to the fact that we had for a leader a man who could say 'damn.'"

We have dwelt the more at length on the natural strength of Washington's passions because they have been misunderstood by both writers about him and artists who have produced portraits of him as well as by the people in general. Allied to those strong passions was great self-control, which governed the passions, made them useful as motive powers, and gave that firm poise of character which was the distinguishing trait of his mental

and another, has been given to these people, that it is now more than two years since I have resolved to sit no more for any of them, and have adhered to it, except in instances where it has been requested by public bodies or for a particular purpose (not the painter's), and could not without offense be refused. I have been led to make this resolution for another reason besides the irksomeness of sitting, which is, that these productions have, in my estimation, been used as a sort of tax on individuals, by being engraved, and that badly, and hawked about or advertised for sale."

It would seem from this that Mr. Williams did not paint Washington; but no less than fourteen portraits of him had been done before this. The first in point of time is the one by Charles Wilson Peale representing him as colonel of Virginia militia at the age of forty. This has often been engraved, and is well known. The other artists who had painted him were Robert Edge Pine, Joseph Wright, Edward Savage, Archibald Robertson, M. du Cimitre and Madame de Brahan, sister to the French minister. This lady painted two small portraits, of which one was engraved in France. Robert Fulton, when seventeen years old, attempted

a picture, but did not have much success, and the same is said of an effort made, at the same age, by William Dunlap. Adolphe Ulric Westmüller, a Swede, painted, in 1783, a portrait which was engraved for Irving's "Life of Washington." Opinions considerably differ as to its correctness, but it can hardly be considered a particularly valuable addition to our stock of portraits. Colonel Trumbull painted three pictures from life, all of them full length. Of these one is in the New York City Hall, and was exhibited at Philadelphia. It was painted in 1789. In 1792 the city of Charleston ordered one, which was finished; but as it represented the general at the time he had resolved on his night march in retreat from the banks of the Delaware, the Charlestonians refused it, preferring a simple portrait, which the artist painted. Trumbull was by nature a historical painter, and hence he has spent more time on the pose and figure of his subject than on the face. His pictures are more valuable, therefore, as giving us what is believed to be a correct representation of the general appearance and form of the chief than for the mere facial likeness. Undoubtedly Trumbull was much influenced by the fact of having served with the army, and therefore loving to look upon his commander in the garb in which he had best known him.

Of all the paintings of Washington, however, the one which has been most copied, and is consequently best known, is what is known as the Stuart portrait, painted by Gilbert Stuart, who came from England with Dr. Franklin in 1794, for the express purpose of painting his illustrious countryman. Stuart, at this time, was in the zenith of his fame and fortune, and sacrificed a good deal in leaving England. Even after he arrived here he made another sacrifice; for the Duke of Kent, then at Halifax, wished Stuart to paint him, and offered to send a frigate for him; but the artist, true to his purpose, declined, though he afterward regretted having done so.

Washington sat to Stuart, in 1794, in Philadelphia, the first result being what is known as the "Athenæum" portrait, now in the Boston Athenæum; although, previous to this, the artist, dissatisfied with his work, had destroyed a half-finished picture. It is said that he tried all his unrivaled conversational powers to call up some life and animation to the grave and impassive features. At last Stuart was advised to "talk horse" to him, which he did with the happiest results. He next painted a full-length for the Marquis of Lansdowne, which is now the property of J. Delaware Lewis, Esq., who kindly allowed it to appear at Philadelphia in the English Loan Exhibition. As we have said, the Stuart portraits have been repeatedly copied, and, indeed, form the basis of all the popularly circulated pictures of Washington. The first engraving from them, a very poor one, was published by James Heath, in London, in 1800.

No account of the Washington portraits would be complete without an allusion, at least, to the busts, of which three were modeled from life, viz: one by the Italian, Cerrachi, modeled in 1791; one by Mr. Gallagher, of Boston, in 1789; and one by Mr. Eccleston, of Virginia, in 1796. As neither of the two last-named sculptors made any particular reputation, it is not probable that their busts of Washington were of very great value.

The Ceracchi bust has, however, attained considerable reputation by means of both engravings and photographs. Ceracchi had achieved some reputation in Italy—where he was one of Canova's assistants on some public works—when he went to England, where he was very well received, even Sir Joshua Reynolds sitting to him. He failed to find remunerative employment there, owing perhaps to his enthusiastic love of liberty and his extravagant ways of showing it, so he decided to come to this country, where he proposed to model a monument which should allegorically represent the War of Independence. The Congress of those days failed to see the propriety of appropriating money for such a purpose, and Ceracchi returned to Europe, where he was executed for participation in a plot to assassinate Napoleon.

The bust which he completed before leaving here was considered by many a good portrait, but we can not so look at it at this day. The sculptor belonged to the school, then prevalent in Italy, though Canova had done much to reform it, which looked to effect more than to truth, and which especially affected the heroic and the classical. When we take this tendency of the school into consideration, in connection with Ceracchi's enthusiasm for liberty; when we also remember that the French Revolution had then infected the minds of all Europe with its love for

Greek and Roman costumes, manners and ideas; when we reflect on these things, we can easily understand why Ceracchi should have represented Washington—as he undeniably did—as something much more like a Roman Cæsar than the plain, common-sense Virginia gentleman and resolute patriot which he was.

It remains to speak of the work of Jean Antoine Houdon—the greatest French sculptor of his time, if not the greatest in the world. He came here in 1785, and was commissioned to make a statue of Washington for the State of Virginia. For the purpose of making studies he went to Mount Vernon, where he remained about a week, making during that time a cast from the head and shoulders of his subject; and, it is said, from other parts of his body also. He also made measurements between different points, and, as a result, his statue is undoubtedly the most perfectly proportioned representation of the great man we have. The existence of this life cast has been, we are aware, disputed; but, without entering into the details of the controversy, we feel bound to record our conviction that it not only was made, but is still, or was recently, in existence. It bears certain evidences to the anatomist of having been cast instead of modeled; and both it and Houdon's statue correspond with the descriptions left us of Washington's personal peculiarities, such as his comparatively narrow shoulders and wide hips; his body disproportionately long for his legs, which increased the majesty of his appearance when seated or on horseback—and a hollow in the chest, caused by the excessive development of the pectoral muscles—all of which are mentioned by various contemporaneous writers. There is a majesty, too, in the face of this cast, which corresponds with what we should have expected the face of Washington to be, and with the Stuart more nearly than any of the other paintings.

—P. A. Josephs.

LANDSCAPES AND FIGURES.

As we have had occasion to remark heretofore, American art has run very largely to landscape, and the painting of the figure, except incidentally or in portraits, has been much more neglected than it should have been. Of course there were controlling reasons for this apparent neglect of the figure on the part of our painters, but it is not necessary to attempt a review of them here. It is enough to say that American artists have, within a comparatively recent period, began paying more and more attention to figure painting, and every exhibition shows an increase of this class of pictures. Of course these pictures are, for the most part, of the sort termed *genre*, for we have not the material for very much in the way of historical paintings, and our artists have shown very little inclination toward the purely spiritual or allegorical. There is a field which it would seem is expressly adapted to the American artist, combining, as it does, much of what he is best fitted for with that in which he is striving to excel. We allude to what might be roughly termed, perhaps, "out-of-door character pieces," in which a choice bit of landscape may be used as a background and setting for almost any sort of a scene from life. There is a freshness about a landscape which is, if skillfully handled, always sure to please the eye; and, by a proper selection of costumes and a due regard to effect in posing the characters introduced, an out-of-door scene may be made more really effective even than the most elaborate interior. To be sure, there is more chance, as a rule, for brilliant coloring in an interior, but this can hardly be called more effective, though it is undoubtedly, at first sight, more striking; but it is also apt to degenerate into gaudiness, which is the reverse of what we would understand by the term effective.

A walk through any moderately good collection of modern paintings will illustrate precisely what we mean. Take, for instance, the pictures of Boldini, and the other artists of what might, perhaps, be termed the Spanish school of French artists. The leading and most striking characteristic seems to be a lavish use of color, and especially of the most dazzling and most brilliant tints on the palette, laid on, too, in heavy masses; so that, when looked at near at hand, the colors seem to have been put on with a palette-knife rather than with a pencil. It is not, however, the practice of this school to use color in large masses. On the contrary, it would seem to be a point of honor with them to see how many details could be crowded into a small space, and how much color could be put on a canvas in small patches. The

effect is undoubtedly striking, but it is also bewildering, and not, at first sight, altogether pleasing to most eyes. Such a picture, if looked upon as a *tour de force*, may be astonishing, and it must be said for the artists of this school that they are patient workers, and, as a rule, good draughtsmen; so that their pictures are not by any means devoid of merit. The question is whether it is worth while spending so much time to accomplish such a result—whether the “game is worth the candle.” For ourselves, without taking any issue with those who admire this class of pictures, we do not think it is. We are always inclined to sympathize with the French marshal who, when he saw the charge at Balaklava, exclaimed that it was “magnificent, but was not war;” so we are always tempted to say of one of these pictures, that it is magnificent, but it is not art—at least not art of the highest class.

Let us not be misunderstood as saying that interior scenes should be condemned as such. All human life is not in the open air, and pictures representing different phases of that life can not all be landscapes. Some of the noblest conceptions ever put on canvas have been indoor scenes, of which fact the pages of THE ALDINE contain ample demonstration. We have only wished to show how an overweening desire for dazzling effect may run away with an artist, so to speak, and cause him to sacrifice real effectiveness in his pictures to mere brilliancy of coloring and difficulty of execution. We desire to show, too, that there are as many opportunities for genuine effect in out-of-door as in indoor scenes. The proof of this, again, is to be found in any good gallery, and those who examined carefully the collection exhibited at the National Academy, in 1876, as the Centennial Loan Exhibition, will at once recall a dozen instances which prove it. We mention this collection rather than the Philadelphia Exhibition—although the latter was seen by more people—because it, being drawn from a number of private galleries, was a better collection for purposes of study. The same fact was, however, fully demonstrated at Philadelphia; and has been, indeed, whenever and wherever any considerable number of pictures—and especially of pictures by foreign artists—have been shown. We say, especially pictures by foreign artists, because as we stated in the outset, American artists have hardly, as yet, given us sufficient examples of this style of picture. That they will do so, and that they will before long take a leading position among the artists of the world in this class of work, does not admit of a doubt. With such landscapes, and especially such gorgeous coloring as can be found in every part of our country, there is no reason why our artists should not find abundant backgrounds for all the groups their fancies can conceive or their pencils put on canvas.

As an illustration of the truth of what we have said in regard to the capabilities of out-of-door pictures, we engrave one from a painting by M. Firmin Girard, the well-known French artist, whose paintings have so often and so much delighted American lovers of art and buyers of pictures. Our readers will need no prompting to do full justice to the surrounding “bits” of trees just dropping their leaves; flower plants and bushes showing their last blossoms; the glimpses of the dull autumn sky, and the whole hazy atmospheric surroundings—which serve to bring out and intensify the costumes and the postures of the group which in itself gains rather than loses by the somewhat sombre surroundings. There are mamma and the little one, with the kind friend, be she aunt, godmother, or only *ancienne amie* of the mother, who is gathering for the child almost the last bouquet which will be culled from that parterre this season. No group could have been better planned, and none could have more effective setting than has this, and nothing could be more perfect than the expression in both faces and attitudes of the three figures composing the group.

As for the artist, it seems almost a work of supererogation to attempt to introduce Firmin Girard to American readers, for there are, probably, more of his works in and about New York than in Paris, for he has always been a favorite with Americans. He was born at Poncin, and is still a young man though he has done a great deal of good work. He was a pupil of the celebrated Gleyre, and received the medal of the third class at the Paris Salon of 1863, and the medal of the second class in 1874, since which time he has been *hors concours*. Although he was not represented at the Philadelphia Exhibition, his pictures have often been shown in this country. At the Centennial Loan Exhibition, at the Academy of Design, there were a large number

of specimens of Girard's style, ex-Governor Morgan contributing about half-a-dozen. One of the best known of his pictures is undoubtedly the “Flower Garden,” now the property of Mr. T. R. Butler, President of the Sixth Avenue Railroad Company, New York. Another, not so well known, but by very many considered one of his best pictures, is the “Godmother's Garden,” an engraving of which we give in the present number. The original is owned by Mr. Thomas A. Howell, of Henry Street, Brooklyn, whose collection of modern pictures is rivaled by very few private galleries in this country.

—A. Saule.

INNOCENCE AND CHILDHOOD.

SINCE the world began, in all ages and all climes, the lamb has been considered an emblem of innocence and purity. The Jews were ordered to sacrifice a lamb on various occasions; and, from that circumstance, Christ was given the title of the “Lamb of God;” and was, and still is, represented by the symbol of a lamb bearing a cross. But it was not among Jews or Christians alone that the lamb was looked upon as peculiarly the typical representative of innocence, and hence a fitting expiatory sacrifice for sin, and likely to be peculiarly acceptable to the gods. The ancients of nearly all nations so used it; and evidence that this idea was not confined to the Aryan races is found in the fact, that, in a Japanese temple, a painting of great age of one of their gods—the God of Wisdom—has been found which represents a man of venerable appearance, accompanied by a lamb bearing a cross or staff, almost precisely like that painted as a symbol in many of our churches. Indeed, the resemblance at first sight is so striking, that one is almost tempted to believe the idea of the symbol to have been copied, until one remembers how rigidly Christianity has been excluded from the island of Nippon.

The lamb, then, being so generally recognized as the emblem of innocence, while it is also the universally accepted attribute of childhood, it is not at all to be wondered at that Rubens, in the allegorical picture which we engrave, should have typified the innocence and purity of childhood by a group of children at play to whom the genius of Innocence presents a lamb. That the gift is a not unwelcome one is evident from the attitudes and expressions of the children, one of whom has already laid a hand on the neck of the lamb, as if taking possession in the name of the group, who are evidently consulting together about this new plaything. Children are by nature fond of pets, and none is more often chosen or more fitted for the part than the lamb.

The picture is perhaps as fair an example of many of the peculiarities of the painter as could be selected. Rubens, it will be remembered, lived in the time (he was born in 1577 and died in 1640) when art in Belgium was reviving from the depression of the previous centuries, caused by a too slavish submission to the Italian schools; indeed, he was the leader of the new movement. He had studied in Italy under Titian and Paul Veronese; but he acquired there chiefly the mastery of coloring, which is a distinguishing feature of all his pictures. He was too original a genius, however, to be tied to the defects of any school, and his pictures show fertility of imagination, brilliancy of execution and vitality of expression. His chief faults are a frequent coarseness of figure, a lack of appreciation of spiritual beauty, and a love of realism which led him sometimes to a fidelity to nature in representing certain subjects, which amounted often to something near indecency. These were faults of the age, which was one of revolt from the too great domination of the church, begetting a laxity of faith even in Catholic countries, and a devotion to sensual pleasures and material enjoyments—a sort of cynical epicureanism, so to speak, which, while it helped to emancipate art, would, if continued, have been even worse for true art than the previous devotion to an impossible idealism had been.

Rubens, as we have said, was a leader of this school, and participated in their faults; but his genius was so commanding as to, perhaps, make them more excusable in him than in his lesser followers and contemporaries. He painted a large number of pictures during his career, of which many excellent specimens have been preserved to us. We may name the “Descent from the Cross,” in the Antwerp Cathedral, said to be his finest sacred picture; the “Communion of St. Francis,” in the Antwerp Museum; “Battle of the Amazons,” in Munich; the “Crucifixion



NEVADA FALL. — JOHN S. DAVIS.

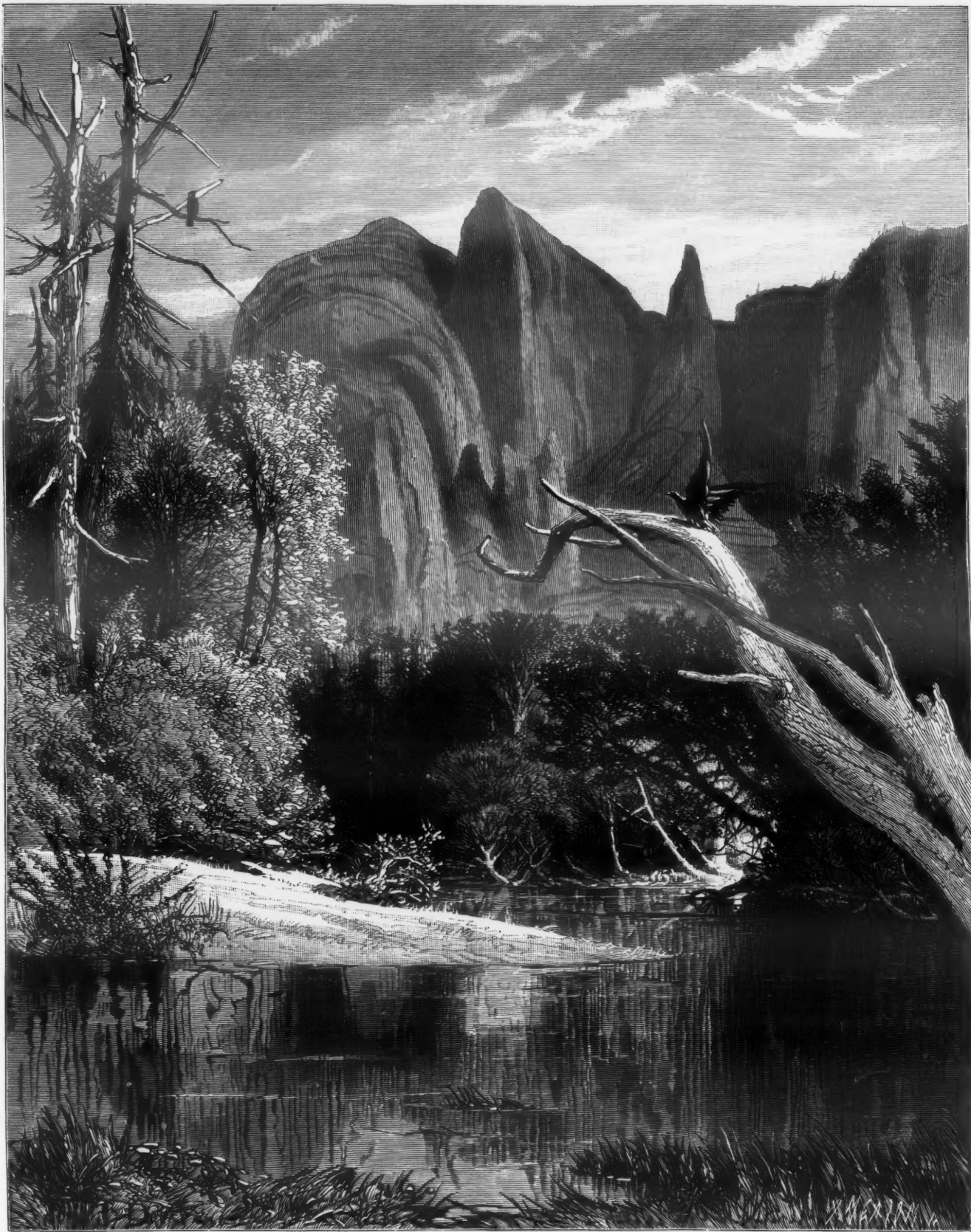
of St. Peter," at Cologne; "Abduction of the Sabine Women," and about a dozen other pictures in the British National Gallery; besides many which are in the galleries of Vienna, the Louvre, and several in private hands. In the picture on our first page will be seen fully shown the beauties of Rubens' drawing; and the engraver has also skillfully preserved the tinting of the original. The plump, round limbs of childhood; the chubby cheeks and laughing, happy faces, all destitute as yet of traces of care; the eager, graceful gestures, and careless, yet no less graceful posturings—all these have been presented as only the hand of a master could present them; while the light and shade are managed with not less consummate skill. At the same time the picture is more free than most of his paintings from his peculiar faults. Rubens spent some time in England, and was knighted

by Charles I. He was very fond of introducing his own family into his pictures, and painted portraits of them all, as well as one of himself, of which we give an engraving, the original being in the Pitti Palace, Florence.

—D. I. Reade.

BEAUTIES OF THE YO SEMITE.

OF all the many wonderful things which California may be said to have given us, not the least remarkable nor least enjoyable is probably the scenery, of which she possesses the grandest, most sublime, and most beautiful which is to be found upon our continent. Her towering mountains, rudely pierced by rapid torrents, and worn by them and by the ice and snow of ages, give



CATHEDRAL ROCK. — JOHN S. DAVIS.

us examples of the sublime architecture of nature which are in nowise surpassed by anything yet discovered in any other part of the world; while along the banks of the streams are fertile tracts where we are equally astonished at the vegetation which the rich soil brings forth.

There are scattered over the surface of the State an untold number of these valleys, varying in depth and in width from the narrowest cañon, with perpendicular sides through which rushes the angriest of torrents, to broad and beautiful valleys whose sides recede in graceful slopes on which the most luscious fruits grow in profusion. Of all the valleys of the State, however, the one best known and most talked of, the one always thought of when California is mentioned, the one most visited by tourists, authors and artists, is undoubtedly the one which is known as the

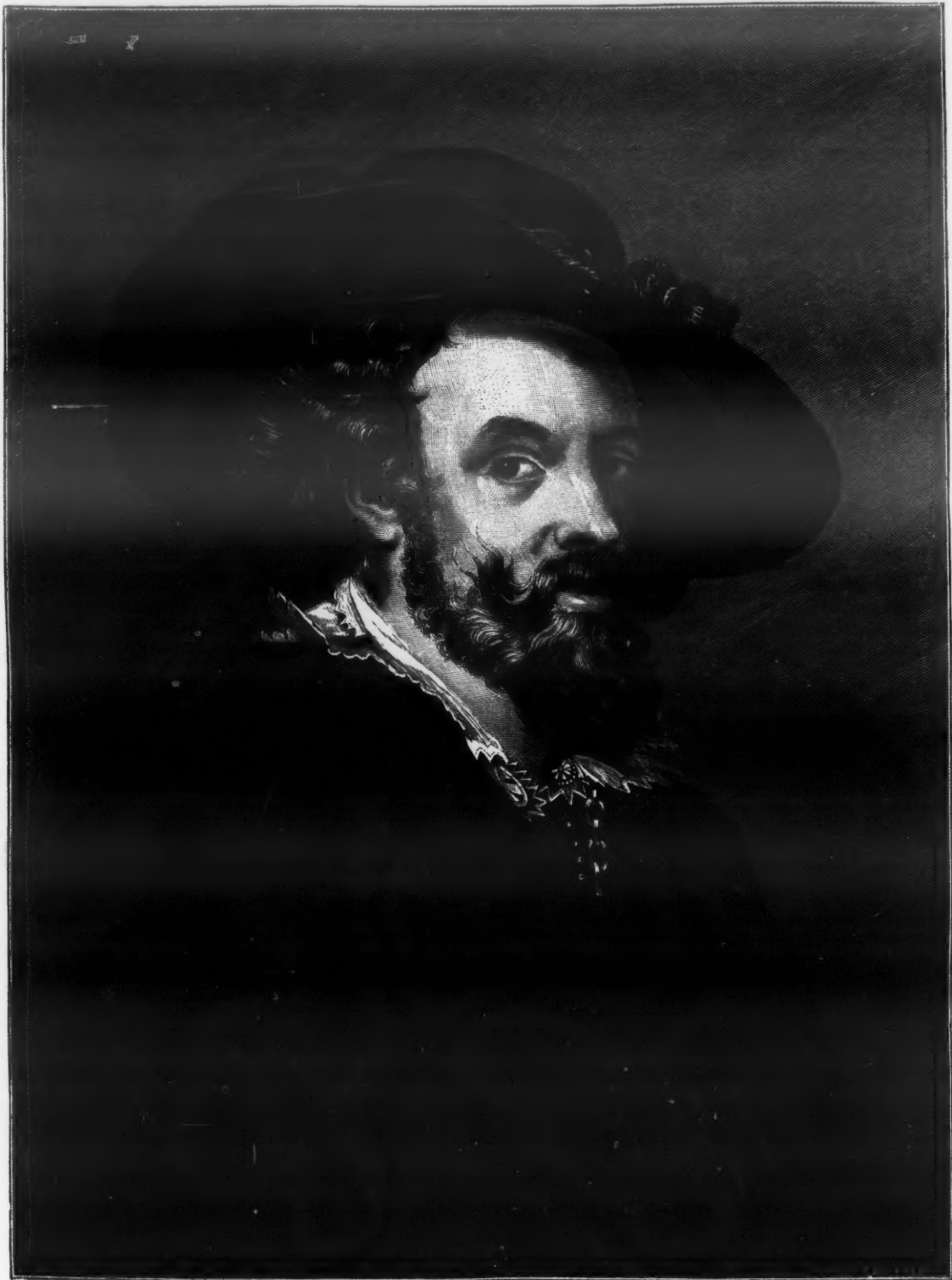
Yo Semite Valley — "Yo Semite" being Indian words meaning "Grizzly Bear." Before proceeding to look at and examine the attractions which it possesses for visitors, it may be well to note some leading facts connected with its general topography.

The valley is situated in Mariposa County, about a hundred and forty miles, in a direct line, south of east from San Francisco; but the distance a tourist must travel to reach there is about a hundred miles greater. From stations on the Pacific Railroad it may be reached by much less travel; so that travelers from the East will do well to visit the valley before completing their journey to the Pacific. The valley is on the west slope of the Sierra, about midway between the east and the west base, which is here only about seventy miles wide.

The Yo Semite Valley lies nearly if not quite four thousand

feet above the sea, and runs southwest by west, and northeast by east, nearly at right angles to the general trend of the mountains. The walls are of light gray granite, which shows dazzlingly white when reflecting the rays of the sun. The tract was first explored in 1851, by an expedition against the Indians who made it a stronghold. It was first visited by tourists in 1855, and the first house was built in the next year. In 1864 Congress passed a law ceding to the State of California a tract of a little

The conception was a grand one and has been happily carried out, so that we can boast now of the most magnificent public park in the world, and all the more satisfactory that it has required so little from the hand of man. The climate of the valley is that of most of California among the mountains. It is intensely cold in winter, when it can only be entered on snow shoes; but in the summer time the temperature reaches an average of about eighty degrees. The Yo Semite Valley proper is about six miles



PETER PAUL RUBENS.—AFTER THE PICTURE BY HIMSELF.

over thirty-six thousand acres, with a further tract of about two thousand six hundred acres, also in Mariposa County, known as the Big Tree Tract. The condition of the cession was that the State should guarantee that the whole tract should remain in perpetuity for a free public park. The trust was accepted the next year, and a law passed by the Legislature providing for the organization of a Board of Commissioners who have the supervision and government of the park. Some attempts were made by interested parties to defeat this action of the Government, and to pre-empt lots of land within the limits of the tract, but these efforts were happily defeated and the transfer duly made.

long, and from half-a-mile to a mile in width. At the northern end of the valley it appears, as we look north, to split into three: the Merced in the centre; with the Tenaya on the left, or northwest; and the Illilouette on the right, or southwest. We have selected from the portfolio of our artist, Mr. John S. Davis, two pictures, taken from just above this point, as illustrative of the scenery where what may be called the Yo Semite Valley proper begins. All three of these cañons are narrow, with almost perpendicular sides of the gray granite of which we have already spoken. It will be seen that Mr. Davis has admirably preserved the peculiar effect produced by the sun's rays on the gray stone,



AN IRISH WATER CARRIER.—AFTER W. MAGRATH, N. A.

in the picture of the Nevada Fall, which he has selected as one of the highest as well as the most beautiful of those in the cañon. This fall is about seven hundred feet in height, and marks the northern terminus of Yo Semite Valley, the cañon above being Little Yo Semite Valley; its companion, Vernal Fall, being only about four hundred feet; and these two being the only large falls in the valley which continue in existence throughout the year.

Our readers will not fail to see the other beauties of Mr. Davis's picture, which is one of the most spirited and truthful drawings, as well as one of the most beautiful engravings ever published in this country. The nervous, effective touches in sky, water and foliage are beyond praise; while the artist's handling of trees, and especially of tree trunks and branches, show him a true student of nature and not likely to fall into the fault, only too common with many strong artists, of introducing in every picture favorite and "characteristic" forms, until they produce a wearisome sameness which is never seen in the nature that they essay to illustrate. The trees that Mr. Davis has drawn are the trees that are actually growing in the place, and the charm is in the feeling that we shall never again be shown exactly the same combinations of limbs and masses of foliage, however picturesque and typical they may be. Wherever the variations of nature are not accidentally unsightly, the true artist will faithfully render as he sees, and in this fidelity to the master of masters, he illustrates and proves the high order of his own genius.

The other engraving gives a scene on the Merced River, showing at a distance of thirty miles the picturesque forms of the Cathedral Rocks, and is one of the most beautiful of the many beautiful views that may be fairly said to surround the explorer of this delightful valley.

A characteristic of the waters of this region, in fact, of most of the fresh-water rivers and lakes of the Rocky Mountain and Sierra ranges, is the wonderful clearness of their waters, which is such, that looking down upon them objects on the bottom are seen with the utmost distinctness; and, looking on them at an angle, the reflections of surrounding objects are perfect reproductions of form and color. Every natural distinction of the counterfeited subject is copied with vivid accuracy and perfection of detail, so that the arrested and charmed interest of the beholder only detects the water line by the inversion of the figures. This beautiful feature of our water scenery is almost peculiar to our northern or mountain regions, and seems, with the glories of the autumn foliage, a sort of compensation for the superior luxuriance of southern growths. In the engraving our artists have succeeded in preserving these peculiarly clear reflections in a manner almost startling for its perfectness. It should be remembered that the Yo Semite Valley is nearly level between the various falls, so that scarcely a ripple disturbs the perfect outlines of the images seen in the water.

—S. B. Niven.

OLD MANUSCRIPTS.

WHEN Faust and Gutenberg, about the middle of the fifteenth century, discovered the art of printing from movable types, and produced their copies of existing manuscripts, we wonder whether they fully realized the dread blow they were giving to an established art which had centuries of prescriptive right to back it. Ever since authors had commenced scribbling, and men had begun to read their productions, there had been a class of scribes—mostly priests and monks, for the laity did not often learn to read or to write in those days—who had managed to get a living by copying breviaries, testaments, bibles, poems, novels (such novels as there were at that time), and selling them at enormous prices to such as were rich enough and chose to buy them—for instance, kings who could no more read than could the meanest of their subjects, but who thought it a grand thing to have libraries, to give huge bibles to be chained up in favorite cathedral aisles—in short, to "patronize" literature, God save the mark! as some modern princes consent to patronize learned scientific societies, whose proceedings they do not understand, by consenting to preside over their deliberations.

Precisely when, where, or how the art of illuminating manuscripts originated we can not say; but it has apparently existed from the most remote antiquity; and in this, as in the case of some other of the arts, our oldest specimens come from Egypt.

There, as in other countries and in later times, it originated with, if it was not confined to, the sacerdotal class, for the oldest specimens found are papyri of the ritualistic class of the eighteenth dynasty. Except these papyri, which were painted in tempera, in primary colors or even in black, we have no illuminated manuscripts of remote antiquity; and it would almost seem that the art was lost for a long series of centuries, were it not for the fact that such works are mentioned by old writers. Of existing manuscripts, those which date as far back as the first century are not so ornamented, and the oldest specimens of illuminated manuscripts which we have are a copy of "Dioscorides," at Vienna, and one of "Virgil," in the Vatican, dating from the fourth century.

The earlier decorations consisted chiefly of fancifully shaped initial letters in monochrome; but afterward men added portraits and drawings, some of them, especially some which were produced by the monks, being of the most grotesque styles, while some were positively indecent. Many of them were drawings of the same class as the engravings which we should now use to illustrate any history or story; and, on this account, where they occur in the old chronicles, have particular value for us as showing us very much about the manners and customs, and especially the costumes of those times, which we could probably never have learned in any other way. Indeed, in reading such old histories as the "Chronicles of Froissart," for instance, we should hardly find some portions of them intelligible were it not for these aids.

In the fourth century St. Jerome complains of the abuse of the art of illumination; and yet in that and the next century it was confined chiefly to the use of rubrics only. Later, when the limners became a recognized class of artists, the painting of manuscripts was carried through all the stages of improvement, perfection, degeneracy and extinction. We note briefly some of the changes. The use of gold letters is mentioned as early as the second century, but the oldest example we have is the "Codex Argenteus" of Ulphilas, the date of which is about the year 360; the Charter of King Edward, six centuries later, is in the same style of letter. There came to be, in the course of time, almost as many schools of manuscript painting as of any other form of art. The earlier specimens have the general characteristics of Byzantine art; and that prevailed more or less throughout, influencing the various national schools to some extent. An English school, however, sprang up, in which the ornamentation partook more of the general character of Gothic architecture. It was in this style that the bible made for King Canute was executed. In Ireland there arose a school differing from all the others, the chief feature of the ornamentation being a curious interlacing of ribbons with ornaments in the Byzantine style of art. A beautiful specimen of this school is the celebrated "Book of St. Kells," at Dublin.

During the eighth and ninth centuries, and even to the twelfth century, there was a growing taste for long and complicated initials, some of which were made twenty-four inches in length. During the most flourishing period of this art, the most celebrated artists—such as Cimabue, Giotto, and the like, and others of later date—did not disdain to assist in the illustration of manuscripts. The most celebrated illuminated manuscript in existence is probably the "Book of Hours," of Anne of Brittany, wife of Louis XII., which was ornamented with borders of natural flowers on a background of gold.

After about the thirteenth century the art degenerated, until it reached the lowest point, the grotesque, in the sixteenth century, and became extinct in the reign of Louis XIV., since which time the illumination of books has been in the hands of the engravers, and the only relic of former days left us is the ornamental initial.

—C. I. Bailey.

AUGUSTE SERRURE.

AMONG the artists of the present day of the French school, who have achieved a no inconsiderable reputation, especially as painters of *genre* and character pieces, we may reckon Auguste Serrure as one of the most promising, though not yet old enough to be exactly world famous, nor famous enough to have relieved him from the necessity of doing his best on all occasions. He is a native of Belgium, and at present a resident of Brussels, although constantly exhibiting in the Paris Salon. He was a



MATERNAL JOYS.—AFTER PAYNE.

pupil of De Braekeleer, who was also the master of the late Baron Leys, of whom it has been said by a competent critic that he was one of the painters who, following the lead of Wappers of Belgium, about 1830, brought about a reaction against the lifeless classicism which had prevailed for so many years. The critic alluded to continues to say that Baron Leys "was especially

remarkable on account of the conformity of his art as a painter with the phase of art revived by the Gothic architects of our own country [France]. The manners and customs and life of his own city in the Middle Ages lived again on his canvas, treated with a hard distinctness that recalls mediæval paintings, and disfigured by a broad black outline to every figure; on the other hand,



AT THE PALING.—AFTER A. SERRURE.

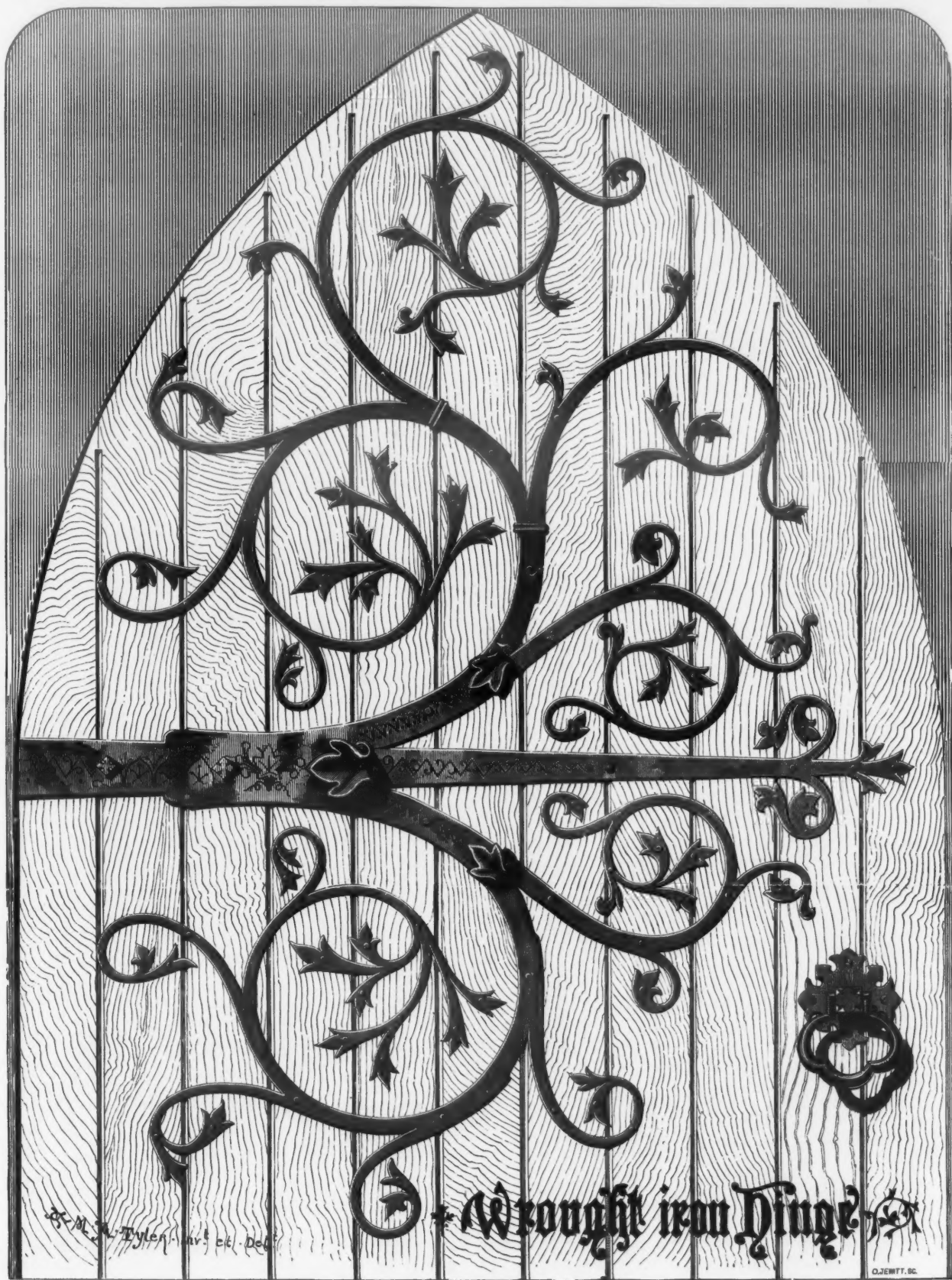
learning, power and skill were so combined by him with genius, that his work took a high place during his life, and seems destined to exercise a lasting influence." This criticism might easily and truthfully, with a few changes, be applied to the pictures of Serrure, who is less known than he should be in this country.

The engraving we publish is from one of his paintings in the Salon of 1876, and is one of the best specimens of his style and powers. It will be seen that he shares much in the merits as well as the faults, excepting the black outline, of De Braeckeleer, Leys and the others of the Belgic-French school, if we may so call it.

ARTISTIC WORK IN IRON.

THERE is not much doubt that iron was one of the first of the metals to be taken from the earth and practically worked, although copper may have preceded it in the case of some tribes and races of men. The use of copper as a substitute for iron,

under no circumstances be given the malleability nor the elasticity which iron, especially in the shape of steel, possesses. There are, therefore, ten thousand purposes for which no other metal can replace iron. It hardly behoves us, however, to undertake the cataloguing of all the uses of iron, if indeed it would be possible to do so in a single number of THE ALDINE—a matter



WROUGHT-IRON HINGE.—M. A. TYLER.

however, could at best be only partial—never complete—for it has neither the strength nor the hardness of its dusky rival, although the ancients undoubtedly had some method of hardening it so as to make it available for the manufacture of cutting tools, weapons, and other articles which we should hardly venture to make from that material at the present day. It could at best be but an imperfect representative of iron; for, however much it may have been capable of being made hard, it could

which may be considered doubtful. It has fought our battles and tilled our fields. Of nothing else but iron or steel could it have been said that the sword should be beaten into a pruning hook; it has made our clothes, carried our wares, erected our houses, built our tombs, and, in short, has been our one universal servant-of-all-work to which we resorted when we had no other resource and did not know what we wanted.

As an ornament iron would not, at first thought, be consid-

ered particularly eligible; but history shows—and present custom does not contradict the testimony—that it is scarcely inferior to gold in its capabilities for decorative uses, and in many respects is superior to that so-called "royal" metal. Gold is brighter than iron, is harder to get, and consequently more valuable; is easier to melt, more ductile, and possesses other qualities



KEY, 16TH CENTURY.

which go to make it more eligible for purposes of ornament; but gold lacks, too, many qualities which its sterner and more practical rival possesses. Iron is stronger, it is more easy to work into any given shape, it can be made to take more different forms, in each of which it has special qualities which tend to make it valuable. Indeed, while it is, in its crude form, cheap as compared to gold, its capabilities are such that, when manufactured, it can be made worth more by weight than gold in any form in which it can be put. It is as a material for ornaments and decorations, however, that we desire particularly to speak of iron at this time; and to do this requires a consideration of two almost entirely distinct subjects.

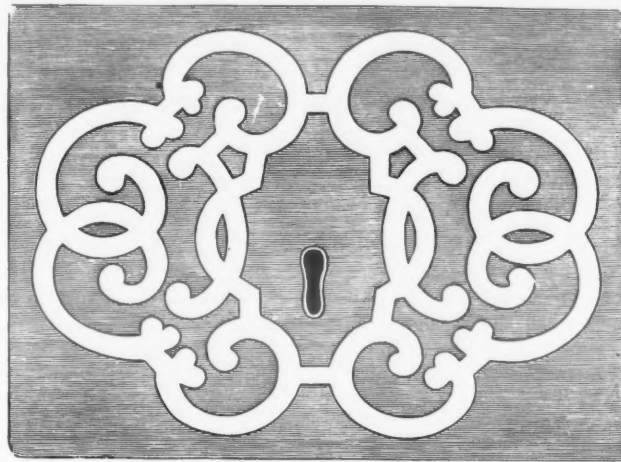
We refer, in the first place, to the use of iron for such purposes as locks, keys, hinges, knockers, catches, hasps and the like accessories (so to speak) of the house; and, in the next place, to its use as an integral part of buildings, such as columns, capitals, friezes, even entire fronts; and, internally, girders, tie-beams and the like. For the first of these uses iron is chiefly used in the form of wrought or malleable iron; while for the second class of purposes cast iron is more in demand. Reasons for this are sufficiently plenty and sufficiently obvious. Cast iron, from its very nature as cast iron, can be melted and so made to assume any desired shape with almost the sharpness of outline



DOOR KNOCKER, 16TH CENTURY.

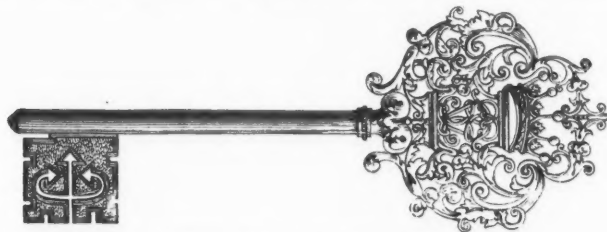
and fidelity of detail of marble; while wrought iron can be so worked and twisted that it shall be made to reproduce the most delicate traceries or the boldest designs of the artist. Both these uses of iron are on the increase among us, and especially, we

believe, the use of cast iron in architecture; but it will be a long time yet before we reach the point of perfection which had been attained three or four centuries ago. Perfection, we mean, not only in quality of manufacture, but also in artistic excellence of design and adaptability to an intended purpose. Were we as well endowed with schools of design as we ought to be, iron would become, as it abundantly deserves to be, one of the most useful and adaptable of our many building materials. So long, however, as our architects and builders continue to neglect all the most elementary principles of art in their designs for the large structures in which iron is chiefly used—so long as they ignore all the finest capabilities of the material—so long shall we have abominations on our streets which it is a positive kindness for fire to destroy. It is a thousand pities, when we have reached such a pitch of perfection in the manufacture of iron, that we should fall so far short in designing. Yet it is a lamentable fact, that while we are going ahead rapidly in the matter of designs for



LOCK PLATE IN IRON.

textile fabrics, we are in iron producing nothing new, and very little that is even tolerable. One may walk through street after street of almost any of our chief cities and see the same iron fronts, with the same architectural features; the same columns, capitals, cornices, gargoyles—for they have gargoyles sometimes—in fact the same features, and these generally bad ones, repeated in block after block and building after building. To be sure, the workers in iron are not much worse, in respect to their artistic shortcomings, than those who build in brick and stone; the fact being that architecture is the art which among us has probably been the most neglected and least developed of all the arts. Perhaps there is reason for this in the fact that the first duty of architecture is to put a roof over a man's head, and that we have not yet had time to allow our artists to dream those dreams which, worked out in stone, have given us those magnificent structures of which Europe can boast and the lack of which we so much deplore. Perhaps, we say, in this may be found the



IRON KEY.—M. HUBER, JR.

reason for our architectural defects, but we do not care to enter into the discussion just now—it is sufficient to record the fact.

Among the ornamental uses made of iron, in recent times, which might be mentioned in this article, had we time and space, come the uses made of it first, if we remember rightly, in France, and subsequently in nearly the whole civilized world, as jewelry. None of our readers can have entirely forgotten the excitement created here and abroad by the introduction, a few years ago, of the articles of steel jewelry, as they were called. To be sure, our great-grandfathers had worn steel buckles at their knees and insteps, and had even thought them on some occasions very fine things, but modern society had gotten out of the way of using

so vulgar a metal as an ornament; and so, what was really old and very well known became very new and very strange under the pressure of fashion.

There neither is nor was, however, anything particularly new in the use of iron for purposes of purely personal adornment. There are, to mention no other cases, specimens made so long ago as the fifteenth century of clasps and keys for the sort of purse or pocket called by the French *gibcieres*, and by the English gypsies, and which show that the locksmith worked iron as easily then as we now work gold—nay, with almost better effect.

Iron was, at first, undoubtedly used chiefly in the shape of steel, for the making of swords and other weapons of either offense or defense. But time went on, the locksmith and the blacksmith succeeded to the armorer in public favor, especially among the northern nations, and so we have iron gates, iron trellis work, iron hinges, hasps, keys, locks, and the like, which took not less work to produce, and had a no less good artistic effect than the swords which had preceded them, and which continued to hold their favored position among the nations of the south. Of these artistic works we have not, unfortunately, many specimens, owing to the easy oxidizability of iron; but we have some, of even large examples, of which one of the finest is the doors of Notre Dame, at Paris. The point of attraction is the wrought-iron hinges, which are spread out upon the doors, both strengthening and beautifying them, decorating them as if with sea-weed laid out to dry by children. They were made by Biscornette, a blacksmith of the sixteenth century, who was charged (or credited) by his contemporaries with being in the pay of the devil; and when one fine day he was missed, it was currently reported that he had gone straight to hell.

In the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the blacksmith and the locksmith were both busy, as is shown by the gates, fences, balconies, balustrades, plates at backs of fire-places and grates—especially in France—and a thousand other similar things of that age.

Some of these ornamental iron articles we engrave. Among them is one of a door knocker (they have now disappeared from our doors) of the time of Henry II., which is now in the Louvre collection; together with several keys, etc., of the style of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. —A. V. Butler.

AN IRISH WATER CARRIER.

THE capabilities of Irish characters and Irish scenery for illustration by both pen and pencil have been sufficiently shown in books, in paintings, in drawings, in engravings and in statuettes, from the very earliest periods of English literature. There is a peculiar humor about the Irishman—a compound of wit, fun and pathos—which makes his sayings and doings to be peculiarly of the class to move by times almost all the emotions. Nor is the line so sharply drawn that one can always tell where one element may be said to stop and the other begin. One hardly knows, sometimes, whether his wit is not more cause for tears for its unconscious pathos, or his pathetic utterances to be laughed at for the wit mingled with their tenderness. Even his blunders, which have become proverbial, are very often the perfection of epigrammatically expressed wisdom, as Miss Maria Edgeworth has shown us in her delightful "Essay on Irish Bulls." Speaking of Miss Edgeworth, it is worth while making the reflection that not only has she given us the best collection of Irish characters and scenes to be found in our literature, but also that Ireland has never been adequately illustrated except by Irish authors. The names of Charles Lever, Samuel Lover, Maginn, and a number of other prose writers, besides Goldsmith, and a host, as we might almost say, of poets rise at once to the mind. To be sure it is, perhaps, to be objected that no country can be so well drawn as by its inhabitants; but it has happened to Ireland to be more generally misrepresented when the artists have come from abroad than any other people. English authors have especially misunderstood the Irish character from two causes—perhaps more. In the first place, it is impossible for the methodical, money-making, business-like native of Britain to comprehend the mercurial, unmethodical, light-hearted and improvident native of the sister isle, who has no notion of business. In the next place, the natural English pride, which finds it almost impossible to see any

good outside of England; which is thoroughly convinced that anything done after the English method must be well done, and that anything done in another way must perforce be ill done—this quality has done much to warp the English judgment of Irish matters and Irish character. It is small wonder then that the Irishman, when he has come within the ken of the English novelist or poet, should have found himself the victim of satire more or less severe according to the ability and kindness of heart of his portrayer. It must be confessed, at the same time, that the Englishman has some excuse in the character of too many of the Irish coming to London for his general estimate of the nation.

What has given the latter his peculiar temperament it is not easy to say in a sentence. Probably it was partly an original characteristic which has been fostered and modified or intensified by the vicissitudes of his history. It is these which have very likely given him that peculiar make-shift way of doing and being satisfied with things which is so noticeable, and which makes him so often content with a lot which would seem to the average American simply unbearable. The Irish peasant has suffered so much that, in the course of centuries, what was originally a cause for only wailing and sorrow, has become so far his normal condition as to now be looked upon as his birthright. It needed a peculiarly light-hearted race by original temperament, however, to successfully try this experiment upon.

These same characteristics have probably, also, in some degree modified many of the essential features of the landscape; giving us, for instance, humble huts—too often mere hovels—in place of neat farm-houses and snug cottages; wide wastes and wild heaths, or ragged inclosures of trifling size, in place of smooth meadows, trim farms, and well-kept hedges and fences. All these features are undeniably due to the character and sufferings of the peasantry—most of which sufferings, we are bound to say, have been inflicted by their own countrymen—and all the accessories of the landscape have been equally modified, so that the painter of the character pieces and *genre* pictures of any sort, whether out-of-door or indoor scenes, is as much constrained and restrained by the national peculiarities as is the novelist or the poet, and he has quite as many opportunities for displaying his skill. Indeed, we can recall scarcely any other country in which picturesque scenes and picturesque groups, either humorous or pathetic, more abound or are oftener seen.

As an example, we engrave one such scene, from a water color by Mr. W. Magrath, who has recently come rapidly to the front as a painter of exactly such pictures as the one we give, all of which have found ready sale. He had five at the Philadelphia Exposition, but the one we give is a fair sample of his quality.

Mr. Magrath is a native of Ireland, but has been several years in this country, where his work has been done and his reputation achieved. He makes, however, frequent trips to his native land, and never fails to return laden with sketches for future pictures, his subjects being nearly always drawn from Irish scenery and Irish life. He is among the leading and most prolific contributors to the exhibitions of the Society of Painters in Water Colors; and, indeed, seldom does anything in oils. He was elected a member of the National Academy in 1876.

The scene which Mr. Magrath has depicted is a common one in very many parts of the island where there are few springs and fewer wells. All the water required for household purposes in such districts is peddled from donkey carts, in which are set barrels of the indispensable fluid which is dispensed to the anxious housewives from cottage to cottage; each stop, as in the case in point, being the signal for a gathering of all the gossips of the neighborhood, each eager for the latest news from all the other cottages within the limits of the purveyor's route, and ready to impart what little she may know or surmise as her contribution to the common stock—after the manner, we believe, of ladies of higher pretensions in other walks in life. Nor is Pat at all reluctant to exchange budgets of information, nor in the least shy in asking for it in return. He is the daily newspaper of his district, and is not in the least disposed to be ashamed of his vocation as such. What the apothecary was to the ladies, and the barber was to the gentlemen in the old comedies, that the water peddler is to the circuit over which he and his donkey go every day. News from the great world beyond—what little they get of it—must come from other sources, the pack peddler or the infrequent coach, but for local news Pat is the only and the sufficient resort.



MARION'S MEN. — JOHN S. DAVIS.